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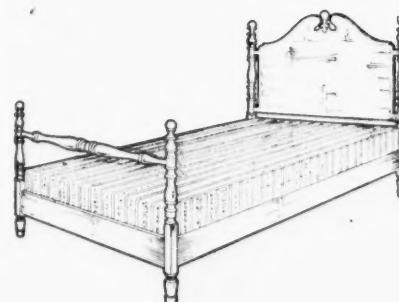


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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

St. Patrick's Day

HERE is another St. Patrick's Day and Ireland more oppressed than ever! England has played with the Irish as a cat with a mouse. Home rule, passed by Parliament, has been held in abeyance. Irish blood has been and is being shed for England by the Somme and by the Tigris. The defrauded Irish poets and patriots who rose in Dublin have been slaughtered by a government in which Sir Edward Carson, a traitor and a rebel in 1914, holds a cabinet position. Irish loyalty has been repaid in abominable deceit and merciless destruction. Nationalist support of the war has been used to betray nationalist aspirations. The loyalists of the South have been denied self-government at the demand of men in the North who, four months before the war, were in an armed covenant against the will of the people as expressed in Parliament and had organized mutiny in the army. Had green Ireland acted as orange Ireland was prepared to act in August, 1914, the Germans would have won the war. The cup of freedom held to Ireland's lips was withdrawn. The pledge of the government was broken. Nationalist organizations were raided and broken up and when those who saw home rule denied after it had been fairly won, failed to enlist in the forces of those who dealt falsely with them, they were goaded into insurrection and slaughtered. What Austria did to Serbia, what Germany did to Belgium was little worse, if at all, than what England has done to Ireland in the past thirty-one months. The Irish members of Parliament have been sold out by the government whose hands they have loyally upheld. Their constituents have been mercilessly dragooned and slain. And this policy has been directed by Sir Edward Carson, who, before the war, preached and organized treason against Parliament, who boldly intimated he would seek German aid in rebellion against home rule. It was government postponement of home rule and surrender to Carson that drove Sir Roger Casement to his pathetic courses, that pressed on Connolly, Pearce, Plunkett, MacDonagh and others to revolt and martyrdom. The Irish have been "given" a certain material aid in the matter of acquiring land, but the aspirations of the Irish soul have been mocked and flouted. And all the while the Irish have been dying in the trenches in Flanders, on the shell-swept beach of Suvla Bay, in the wastes of Mesopotamia and their blood has been part of the price of admiralty in the North and in the South seas. Fidelity was never before so devilishly compensated. British has been worse than Punic faith. And English statesmen guilty of this have mouthed and mawked about the atrocities of the "Huns." It is this makes many an Irishman wonder if this is St. Patrick's or the Devil's Day, if honor and faith are an idiot's dream, if God is asleep on His throne of justice and mercy.

♦♦

The Candidates for Mayor

DEMOCRATS and Republicans have nominated candidates for mayor of St. Louis. Both candidates are good men. Mayor Kiel, renominated by the Republicans, has a record of many good things accomplished. That record cannot be ignored. The one bad thing urged against him is that he smashed the merit system of appointment to office and fell out with his chief appointee on the Efficiency Board in order to make places for politicians. The Repub-

lican party cannot dodge that issue. The Democratic nominee for mayor is Mr. William C. Connell, a young, clean, efficient lawyer. He was secretary to Mayor Rolla Wells for some time and displayed qualities of force and attractiveness. The candidates are personally unassailable, but the issues between them have not been clearly defined, thus far. This city is normally Republican and there is no division in that party locally. Certain property owners may oppose Mayor Kiel because of taxes laid upon them for the great new Mill Creek sewer, but that work was originated under Kiel's predecessor, Mr. Kreismann, also a Republican. The sewer didn't beat Kiel for renomination; therefore, that alone is not likely to beat him for re-election. The Republican ticket as a whole is strong because its make-up is predominantly German and there are German Democrats a-many nowadays who won't vote the Democratic ticket. On the other hand, there are many Republicans these days who do not incline to support a ticket so lopsidedly German in its personnel as the one chosen last week. Democrats are more united than they have been in a long time. The party is stronger than it was, having been rehabilitated in public respect by the policies and performances of Governor Gardner. Mr. Connell, the Democratic candidate for mayor, is a youth of the Gardner type. Moreover, this burg has grateful remembrance of the mayoralty of Rolla Wells and it is predisposed to look with favor upon Mr. Connell because of Mr. Wells' indorsement and support of his candidacy. It would seem that Mr. Connell has a better chance of election than any man who has run for mayor in eight years, but Mayor Kiel, for whatever faults he may be criticized, is an extremely popular man and official and is no easy mark for his opponent, so far as one can say now, with the issues between the parties not clearly outlined. My predilections are Democratic, but the good record of Henry Kiel is going to be a hard thing to argue against and it more than counterbalances his friendship for the ward-workers and, let us say, his appointment of relatives to office. The contest between the two men will be an interesting one in view of all the conditions attaching to it. We shall know more about the matter when we know better what are the proposals for the city's government on both sides. Now there are just two men running against each other under labels that have no local significance. Later we should have some formulation of policies upon which to decide how we shall vote, why as citizens we should chose one man or the other.

♦♦

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY DANIELS must thank Providence for the existence of William Joel Stone, of Missouri, who is now drawing all the fire formerly directed at the nautical South Carolinian.

♦♦

The Farmer's Earnings

"EXUBERANT writers have frequently assumed that every farmer is heaping up great wealth. The facts are that even under good conditions there is no large profit in the average farm, increment of land value omitted." So says Mr. Charles Moreau Harger, in a recent article in the *New York Nation*. He says further: "A survey of two hundred Kansas farms taken for the year before the outbreak of the war showed that on farms with an average capital invested of \$8,800, the owner received, after paying 5 per cent on his investment, \$329 for his year's work. On farms averaging \$18,359, he received \$659; on farms averaging \$32,231, he received \$1,028." The money the farmer makes by his work

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is small. Occasionally, if he can hold on long enough, he makes something by land speculation. That he doesn't hold on is shown in the increase of tenant farming. The big fellow gets the farms and does not pay the tax on the increase of value, while the tenant is taxed for the improvements and upon his production. The single tax would get the land speculator and the producer would be tax free.

❖❖

Suffrage Coming

WOMAN SUFFRAGE is coming sky-hoofing. It makes advances in Ohio, Indiana, North Dakota, even in Arkansas. All limitations upon such suffrage in those states are destined to early removal. The opposition to suffrage is fading. About all that remains, possessing any consistency, is that of the liquor interest. That, too, is dissolving. There never was any "reason" against votes for women. Now even the prejudice against it is being swept away. When the great war ends women will have the vote in every civilized nation—even in Missouri.

❖❖

That Story of the Czar and Constantine

SOME weeks since I told a tale of how the Entente went to Greece prepared to aid in the establishment of a republic and the sequestration of King Constantine, only to find that the deposition of the monarch had been vetoed by the czar who would not stand for any indignities being put upon a fellow-member of the kings' union. The story was told to me by the most famous of war correspondents. Some readers of the MIRROR wrote me that the story was improbable. I find in the current *Atlantic*, in an article "By a British Observer" entitled, "Lloyd George and the Coup D'Etat," a paragraph touching on this subject. The writer is talking of the war's failures from the standpoint of the Entente, and he says that the Allies had no more fatal stumbling block than Constantine in Greece. The "British Observer" says: "The extent to which he has deflected the course of events cannot be overestimated, and it is one of the unsolved mysteries of the war why he was treated with such amazing toleration. When the facts can be revealed, it will be found that it was not England which feared a republic in Greece; but it was Sir Edward Grey who bore all the odium attaching to the license allowed to Constantine." If those sentences do not indicate something like the occurrence which I narrated, I miss my guess. Surely France did not object to a Grecian republic. The Czar is the man who queered the plan to depose Constantine. And this action on the Czar's part is one of the explanations of the doubt in Paris, London and Rome of Russia's unshakability in adherence to the Entente. Russian court circles are still strongly pro-German. The Entente does not trust Russia.

❖❖

Billy Sunday

REV. WILLIAM SUNDAY has decided that he will not try to "save" St. Louis in 1918. He says that the brewery interest is too strong here. But that's just why he should tackle the job of "saving" us. He should not let us perish in our great danger. We did not think that Rev. William Sunday was running his salvation mill as a "sure thing game." He should not abandon us to our doom. And moreover, St. Louis will put up as much money as any town in the country for a certain form of entertainment. Remember how much the old town coughed up for the last visit of the "Follies!" As much as Boston's cough of \$50,828.64 for Sunday's show in that city. Rev. Sunday is passing up a good thing in the prosecution of his salvation spiel in giving St. Louis the go-by.

❖❖

Joe Fels is Marching On

IF somewhere in the universe that big little man Joseph Fels is cognizant of doings here and now he must rejoice over the way in which Great Britain, and indeed, all the belligerent countries, have taken

up and applied an idea of his which once they treated with ridicule. In England to-day the government is putting all vacant land to use in food production. Germany did this early in the war. England has been forced to it by the recent outbreak of unrestricted submarine warfare by Germany. Mrs. Mary Fels wrote a letter to all the London papers urging such action in the first week of the war. But the English landowner would have no such interference with his rights. His land was inviolate. In the country he held it out of use for parks and game preserves. In the cities he allowed it to be used only as a dumping-place. When Joseph Fels founded the London Vacant Land Cultivation Society in 1908, after he had tried the experiment in Philadelphia, he was decried as a dangerous person aiming insidiously at the destruction of private property in land. The city governments and county councils fought his proposals in all kinds of ways interestingly detailed in "Joseph Fels, His Life Work" (Huebsch, New York). Now the society Fels founded has been given charge of all the vacant land in the London region and is producing food in large quantities for the relief of the London poor who have been terribly distressed by the rise in prices. The government that opposed the Fels idea finds it a very present help in time of trouble. The Fels programme is being put into operation in rural England, too. The county boards are taking over unused land in large acreages. Big landlords are being forced to relax their grip on idle land. There were millions of acres held idle at the beginning of the war, while people in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh were starving. And that idle land paid never a penny of taxes though it was held for sale at most gorgeous prices. The adoption of the Fels idea marks a step toward the reclamation of the English land for English people. Joseph Fels, though dead, yet lives. And the war may open England's eyes and the eyes of the world to the fact that the world-question is the land question, and that freedom of the land is more important as a means to peace than freedom of the seas.

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Who Finances Pacifists?

How ready are all the pacifists to proclaim that everyone who supports the President in the present crisis is suborned by the munition-makers and the underwriters of the Entente loans! Who finances the big pacifist campaign? Is it the same person or persons who financed the burning and blowing up of American factories, who advanced the money for von Igel and Boy-ed and von Papen and Consul Bopp at San Francisco and other Germans who have made war on the United States while this country was at peace with Germany? Too much of pacifism is not honest pacifism, but disguised pro-Germanism. No American objects to pro-Germanism as against Germany's enemies, but the vast majority of Americans is opposed to Americans being pro-German as against the United States.

❖❖

SENATOR STONE, of Missouri! In the language of the late Joseph B. McCullagh, "Poor old Missouri!"

❖❖

What Happened in Houston

WHILE we have been concerned with other things a really big event has happened all unnoticed. Joe Pastoriza has been nominated over three other contestants for mayor of Houston, Texas. Nomination is the equivalent of election. The thing occurred on February 23rd. Pastoriza ran over 1,200 votes ahead of his nearest competitor as first choice for mayor, and his total vote as first, second and third choice was greater than the combined total choices of all his opponents. This Joe Pastoriza ran as an out-and-out Single Taxer. All his life in Houston has been devoted to the cause. He ran as a Single Taxer for tax commissioner twice and was elected both times. In his first term he ignored the law and refused to tax household goods, jewelry, manufacturing machinery, money in bank and such things.

This deflected taxes largely upon land values. There was a howl. There was talk of tar and feathers for Joe. "All right," said Joe, "go into court and knock out my plan and I'll tax every dollar that's hid in the banks and all the concealed mortgages. I'll apply the tax laws as they are written but not applied." The opposition weakened at once. Pastoriza went ahead and taxed property that should be taxed but was not. He did not tax business but privilege. He installed the Somers system of assessment, or rather of valuation, with the result that the taxes were increased on the big land holdings in the heart of the city and reduced upon the homes of the poor. He equalized assessments upon property of equal value, destroying favoritism to those who had had a pull with former assessors. He accomplished the abolition of the archaic and barbarous poll tax. He prevented the traction company from putting jitneys out of business. He secured the abolition of charges for building permits. The big realty interests tried to defeat him for re-election as tax commissioner but failed. The same opposition confronted him in his race for mayor; but he won easily. And now he says that he will continue to be the same kind of mayor as he was a tax commissioner. He will not raise the tax rate or the rate of valuation, but he will see that the taxes are paid by those who most benefit by the presence and activities of the population of Houston. He is pledged to keep open house as mayor and take the people into his confidence upon all municipal matters. He will tell them some truths about taxation as those truths were proclaimed by Henry George. The activities of Pastoriza as tax commissioner of Houston have had widespread publicity. The Houston plan has been of value as showing how single tax principles can be applied in taxation by tax officials who know the truth and know how to apply it. The Pastoriza tax plan is said to have caused somewhat of a business boom in Houston. The officials of other cities have been considering its adoption in their own work. There has been talk of legislating the Houston plan into operation all over Texas. The tenant farmers' unions have taken to the plan and are agitating it in every county of the state. When the students of the tax question seek information as to how the Pastoriza plan works, they discover that it has been a splendid thing for Houston though it has been rather rough upon some few people who for years had not been paying the taxes they should have paid upon their land holdings. The full force of the landlord element in Houston was exerted to defeat Pastoriza for mayor. He received nearly 1,200 more votes for mayor than for tax commissioner in 1913, and over 500 more than for tax commissioner in 1915. The harder he is fought the stronger he grows. His gospel has spread over the state. It is within the probabilities that he may be the next governor of Texas. The Houston *Post* and the Houston *Chronicle* fought him fiercely. The Houston *Press* supported him. The *Post* and *Chronicle* represent the vested interests and the aristocracy. They have lost their power, as against a man like Pastoriza, who demonstrates the folly of taxing production while letting privilege go tax-free. Houston knows, now that Pastoriza has shown it, that the single tax does not drive wealth away from a town, but attracts it. Mayor Pastoriza will be supported by a tax commission after his own heart. Houston is a city set upon a hill.

❖❖

Carranza Rules

VENUSTIANO CARRANZA has been elected president of Mexico. More than a million votes were cast at the election. At the previous election only 30,000 votes were cast. This looks something like a pacification of the country. To a certain extent it justifies this country's withdrawal of troops. It was said our penetration of the territory in pursuit of Villa only encouraged the rebels against Carranza, and now that we are out Carranza is prepared to govern the country under a new constitution. If Carranza has the situation well in hand and can firmly establish constitutional government, this nation will not

regret its expenditure of \$200,000,000 upon its expedition after Villa without getting that elusive bandit. If the country is as solidly behind Carranza as the election returns indicate, he may shortly get Villa and restore peace. The people of this country are willing that Carranza shall have another chance to prove that his constitutionalism will establish self-government in Mexico. That is all we want there—peace under the rule of the people. But is it true that German bankers and soldiers are the power behind Carranza?

♦♦

Where Stone Belongs

SENATOR STONE is going back. He has begun explaining. His explanation amounts to this, that he does not want American ships protected on the seas against sinking without warning by German submarines. When Germany forbids, the senator from Missouri agrees that his country's commerce has no rights between the green floor and the azure vault. He justifies German lawlessness because the navy of Great Britain interferes with our commerce according to the provision of law. Great Britain has submarines, but she has not used them against our ships as Germany has, nor has she threatened to do so. There is one good thing to be said when Senator Stone explains. That is that his explanations tend to explain himself away. He is out of place where he is, because he is anti-law, anti-American, anti-humanity. He should be a confere of von Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Zimmermann and all the apologists of frightfulness.

♦♦

A Strike Will be Fatal

A BIG railroad strike may be called Saturday, to force the railroads to put in effect the eight-hour day at ten-hour pay. If the strike be called it will be a fatal mistake on the part of organized labor. This is no time to call a strike, when the government may need the transportation system's fullest efficiency in a war crisis. Moreover, the eight-hour law is under adjudication by the supreme court. Organized labor will affront the country by using violence without waiting for the operation of law. A strike would be a repudiation of law and an exaltation of force. Organized labor cannot torpedo the supreme court and retain the sympathy of the general public. The railroads may be foolish in refusing concessions but they are buttressed by both the spirit and the letter of the law, and having submitted their case to the courts, are awaiting decision. The labor brotherhoods will be in the wrong in rejecting arbitration by the highest court before the arbitrament is concluded. No organization is above the law and all organizations that evoke the spirit of anarchy invite their own destruction. Great is labor, but liberty is greater and all liberty is secure only under law.

♦♦

The Scapegoat

HERBERT, EARL KITCHENER serves England, though dead. The living British blunderbund are making him the scapegoat for every foofle of the war from Antwerp to Gallipoli and Kut-el-Amara. Churchill and Fisher and Asquith say they left it all to K. of K. Nobody dared to dispute him or even mildly to differ with him. But it is not Kitchener they indict in these explanations. It is only themselves.

♦♦

Children of the Desert

IN the ruck of contemporary fiction, Mr. Louis Dodge's novel, "Children of the Desert" (Scribner's, New York) stands out a beautiful piece of literary craftsmanship. It is a story of power, of passion, of suavely subtle, sensuous charm, separated by a world's width from his former winsome-wistful narrative "Bonnie May." Here is the drama of a strong, true man, married to a light woman and both drifting on to disaster. The woman is of a most irresistible appeal. For all her folly she never quite loses hold on the reader's sympathy. She is pathetic in her characterlessness, in her unresisting response to the call of pleasure after her

first determination to be faithful has been broken down by violence and trickery. Something like the innocence of a sprite without a soul is always hers to the last. She sins with a certain irresponsibility engendered by her origin and lack of training and quite honestly tells her deceived husband his love fills her cup and the others had but the overflow. This defence of hers is an achingly exquisite piece of passionate special pleading. The whole portrait of *Sylvia* is masterful in its strength and subtlety. Mr. Dodge makes the reader love her despite his knowledge in a way to explain her husband *Harboro's* devotion knowing nothing. More than that, the woman holds you as she held *Harboro* after he knew everything. *Harboro*, too, is a definitely complete character in his static simplicity, in his intensity more intensified by his limitations. The end of it all is quite tremendous in its irony—an irony out of which grows nothing of contempt but an overwhelming pity for the dead man and the woman whose living is the greater death. The story is excellently told in the details as well as in the broader character delineations. It is impossible to lay it down, so fascinating is it in the atmosphere of Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras, so alluring is the *fugue* of tragic import in it, so much is it the concentrated essence, but not the cramped expression of life. This grip of it is not that of melodrama: it is the grip of a curiously whole reality despite lapses in construction. It is a book of pity, too, for *Sylvia* had only one chance and that was decreed against her long before her chance came. Poverty doomed her from the first. The two bad men in the book are excellent pictures, not pictures either, but living men—*Fectnor*, the masterful brute, and *Runyon*, the man of easy, pleasure-loving, artistic fluidity. "Children of the Desert," by this St. Louis man, held me for three hours as I do not remember to have been held by any book since "Tess of the Durbervilles" and "Madame Bovary." It is a splendid story, splendidly done.

♦♦

A Problem

CAN President Wilson afford to discuss military or naval secrets with a chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who is likely to give them away in zeal for the cause of the enemy against whom naval and military operations are to be directed?

♦♦

Damn the Patronage

IF Missouri's legislature should defeat Governor Gardner's bill for a tax commission it would simply be preparing the way for future bankruptcies of the state. Through a tax commission only can taxes be equalized in such a way as to secure sufficient revenue for growing needs. Special forms of taxation afford but temporary relief. What is needed is a sane system of taxation distributing the tax burden equitably among the political subdivisions of the commonwealth and among the citizens of the whole state. Give Governor Gardner all his revenue bills and, as he says, damn the patronage!

♦♦

CHINA has severed relations with Germany. This means not so much possibly with regard to the present war. Its true meaning is Asia for the Asiatics—the Monroe Doctrine of Japan.

♦♦

Work of the Art League

OUR St. Louis Art League is an institution of purpose and performance. It is accomplishing something for aesthetics. It has given prizes for paintings, poems and plays and musical compositions, and evoked performances of merit. It has brought out attractive designs for street lamps and for drinking fountains. The first prize for the design for the latter was awarded this week to Alexander L. Gradzensky; the second to Benjamin F. Hawkins, Jr. Week after next it will award substantial prizes for the best designs for the beautification of Bridge square. This is especially commendable, for that

open space in the heart of the business district, at a main entrance to the city, is so bleakly bare as to be nothing less than ghastly. It is sorely in need of taming to some semblance of municipal civilization. It should have a public comfort station, drinking fountains, a scale house and proper lighting. It is a raw spot that calls loudly for decorative treatment and the Art League's offer of prizes should result in the submission and selection of designs, the carrying out of which will make the square not only less offensive but incalculably more beautiful. The Art League also did a good work in securing the introduction of a bill in the legislature providing for the expenditure of \$25,000 for mural paintings and sculpture in the new state capitol. That structure should be as well beautified as the Wisconsin or the Pennsylvania capitols, with works that tell the state's story and symbolize its ideals. It is earnestly to be hoped that this Art League bill will not fail to pass. Another Art League competition, closing September 1st, will be for residents of St. Louis or within the fifty-mile radius. Three prizes are offered—\$100 first, \$50 second, and \$25 third—for the best one-act play containing not over six thousand words of dialogue. This should bring out local talent in dramatic construction. Contemplating competitors can obtain information on the subject by writing Chairman Mrs. W. F. Saunders, of the Drama and Pageantry Committee, 1023 Syndicate Trust Building, St. Louis. The Art League is an organization of about a thousand men and women who have the aesthetic good of the city at heart. They subscribe all the money that is expended in the bestowal of prizes, holding exhibitions, presenting dramatic and musical works, securing lectures, etc. It is one of St. Louis' most valuable assets.

♦♦♦♦

Taxing Policyholders

By William Alexander

IT is well that when standard premium rates were established many years ago the companies added a sufficient loading to the pure premium to provide for contingencies, for at that time the insurance companies were not taxed, and in fixing premium rates no specific provision was made for taxes. It was observed that, as a rule, the savings of the people deposited in savings banks were exempted from taxation, and it was natural to assume that the savings of the people deposited with insurance companies would be exempted also.

Later on, however, insurance departments were established in the various states to supervise the companies. It was right and proper that the companies should be called upon to pay the legitimate expenses of these departments, and moderate taxes were imposed for that purpose without protest on the part of the companies. Usually these taxes represented a small percentage of the premium income of each company; and as the companies were not very large the amount which each was called upon to pay was moderate. But as the companies grew the amounts assessed against them increased until the burden became intolerably heavy.

Policyholders have been apathetic about taxation because of the strange popular delusion (which is entertained not only by the public at large, but by many senators, congressmen, and state legislators) that the company can be taxed without injuring the policyholder. But every penny paid in taxes by a company conducted on the participating plan reduces the surplus of that company to that extent. And every reduction in surplus reduces the refunds (dividends) to policyholders. The reason policyholders have ignored this fact is that their premiums have not been increased. They have not been called upon to disburse any more money. But the companies have been forced to reduce their refunds, and the policyholders have therefore paid these taxes indirectly.

It sometimes happens that a policyholder is dis-

pointed and complains that the refunds paid him have not been as large as he expected; and as a rule such complaints have been directed against the company and its management and not against those who are responsible for the taxes; namely, the law-makers who have levied them. In some cases policy-holders who have complained have also been legislators who have voted in favor of taxing life insurance companies, and have thus been directly responsible for the fact that the refunds they have received have not increased more rapidly. The need for diffusion of information on the subject is obvious, in order that the public may send to congress and the state legislatures men who will see clearly that the heavy taxation of thrift is as shortsighted as it is unjust.

From the New York Nation.

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Magpies in Picardy

By a Soldier, "Somewhere in France"

THE magpies in Picardy
Are more than I can tell.
They flicker down the dusty roads
And cast a magic spell
On the men who march through Picardy,
Through Picardy to hell.

(The blackbird flies with panic,
The swallow goes like light,
The finches move like ladies,
The owl floats by at night;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as artists might.)

A magpie in Picardy
Told me secret things—
Of the music of white feathers,
And the sunlight that sings
And dances in deep shadows—
He told me with his wings.

The hawk is cruel and rigid,
He watches from a height;
The rook is slow and somber,
The robin loves to fight;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as lovers might.)

He told me that in Picardy,
An age ago or more,
While all his fathers still were eggs,
These dusty highways bore
Brown singing soldiers, marching out
Through Picardy to war.

He said that still through chaos
Works out the ancient plan,
And two things have altered not
Since first the world began—
The beauty of the wild green earth
And the bravery of man.

(For the sparrow flies unthinking
And quarrels in his flight.
The heron trails his legs behind,
The lark goes out of sight;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as poets might.)

From the Westminster Gazette

♦♦♦♦

"Opinions" and the World Tragedy

By Victor S. Yarros

WHEN so cultivated and independent a thinker as Bolton Hall tells us, deliberately and emphatically, that he is "neutral" in the great war and has no "opinion" concerning it—that is, nothing worthy of the word "opinion"—he gives many of us non-neutrals pause. He challenges thought and heart-searching. Besides, the questions

he raises or suggests are, even at this late day, too interesting to be ignored.

Personally, I have not been neutral for a minute. I am pro-Ally, sans phrase. I am not anti-German, for I pity, respect and admire the German people. I do not exult when Germans are killed or maimed in large numbers. But I am anti-Prussianist, anti-militarist, anti-chauvinist, anti-imperialist and anti-international murder and pillage called "war." Now, it is my opinion—not, mind, my notion, or conjecture, or feeling, but my firm opinion—that the German government and the Prussian military-naval machine are responsible for the great world tragedy. It is they who willed the war; it is they who fought and defeated every effort to settle the Austro-Serb controversy by negotiation, conference, arbitration; it is they who, at the critical juncture, proved to be arrogant, obstinate, aggressive and reckless of consequences. It is they who preferred war to such diplomatic concessions as might have been regarded by some of their Jingoes, or Jingoes elsewhere, as signs of weakness and timidity.

It is my opinion that the war was not inevitable—that is, that a saner and more reasonable policy on the part of the German government would have averted it, because Britain and France and Russia did not want war, were willing to negotiate, discuss and wait, and even to entertain proposals regarding Germany's coveted place in the colonial sun.

The war came because, at the last, the German government said to itself that it alone was prepared for it, that it did not have to make concessions, and that its pride and honor enjoined a "strong" policy regardless of the consequences. The underlying questions of territory, trade, "spheres," international prestige, etc., could and would have been settled peaceably and amicably if the German war machine and the imperial clique had not, in their blindness and folly, chosen the way of brute force and refused to permit Austria to reopen the Serbian question.

Now, what are these opinions based on? Like Mr. Hall, I have had legal training and know the value of cross-examination of witnesses and the production of omitted documents, or omitted parts of admitted documents. Like Mr. Hall, I realize that the data and facts in the case are not all before us, and that several, perhaps many, points of importance and interest remain obscure. For instance, Germany has never published her correspondence with Austria on the question of coercing Serbia or threatening her with invasion and dismemberment. This omission has an ugly look—for Germany. Germany's sophistry and hypocrisy apropos of the Belgian "secret documents" that are supposed to prove her treacherous violation of neutrality in advance of the invasion is another fact that looks ugly—for Germany. However, England and Russia, and perhaps France also, withheld certain evidence from the record and have advanced claims that won't stand strict examination. All diplomacy, it must be admitted, is more or less dishonest and insincere, American diplomacy not excepted.

It is in spite of all these reservations that I hold the opinions just indicated regarding Germany's culpability and responsibility for the greatest single calamity that has overwhelmed the world. Why? The answer is that there is a superabundance of other evidence to be taken into account. Much of it would be inadmissible in court, but humanity is not so technical as a court in Anglo-Saxondom. I hesitate to recommend any book to Mr. Hall, but I am tempted to ask whether he has read Prof. Seymour's "Diplomatic History of the War?" His opinion of this scholarly, temperate, keen, unprejudiced work would possess interest.

By "other evidence" I mean things like these: Bismarck's own admissions and statements concerning the war of 1870—a war "made in Germany," beyond all doubt; the known fact that a few years after the conclusion of that war Bismarck advocated and plotted another attack on France, to crush her utterly and reduce her to second rank, because, as

he saw, she was taking wonderful steps toward rehabilitation and might become too dangerous; the pacific and progressive policy of France in the last fifteen years, and the gradual fading of the "Revanche" idea; the British efforts, under Asquith and Haldane, to reach an understanding with Germany, remove her grievances, and enable Europe to limit armaments and devote herself to social and economic reform.

In other words, not a few documents issued by the various governments since the outbreak of the war, but thousands of facts, impressions, observations, books, political tendencies, plays, pictures and the like have gone into, and should go into, the forming of a definite opinion about the responsibility for the present war. My own opinion, I am certain, is the product of years of study, observation, travel, social and intellectual intercourse with men and women of the leading peoples now engaged in wholesale slaughter.

I repeat, I have no grievance against the German people. They are among the victims, not among the aggressors. The majority of them wanted peace and thought their emperor was working for peace. They were deceived, played upon, betrayed. Light is withheld from them. In their place most of us would doubtless think, feel and act as they do. The Germans may some day realize what crimes are now being committed by their "rulers" and decide to do away with autocracy and Prussianism. Meantime, for all practical purposes, Germany now stands for wrong, for brutality, for piracy, for perfidy, for savagery, while the Allies now stand for justice, freedom, humanity and peace. How Mr. Hall can be neutral, passes my comprehension. How he can plead lack of opportunity to obtain sufficient evidence and cross-examine witnesses, and wholly miss the significance of the larger and more momentous facts of the last several decades, also passes my comprehension.

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Verestchagin's Veritism

By William Vincent Byars

WHEN Tolstoi asked, "What is art?" one answer, now known to many, is the pictures of Vassili Verestchagin. They are art, not Russian, or European, but terrestrial. They have the crux of the life of the whole earth in them. As "battle pictures," their question is: "What is religion? What is civilization? What is humanity? What is modern progress?" And many feel this question as visitors to American exhibitions of Verestchagin's paintings, have taken it for granted that he was a prophet of the pencil, a Tolstoi of the palette, directing to the eye a gospel against barbarism, more potent than any which reaches closed ears.

So far as I have shared this general delusion, I am now disillusioned at the small expense of a second copy of his autobiographical sketches, as collected by F. H. Peters of Oxford University, in 1888. Compared with the best reporting done from European battlefields, during or before the present war, Verestchagin's field notes are not less unique than his pictures. They are in fact incomparable. Compared with his rough reports, all other reports of systematic manslaughter I have read, seem stilted or stupid. But Verestchagin's are not art. They are nature.

He gossips. He is friendly and confidential. He tells what he sees and he sees as no one else does. What he sees is certainly hell on earth. Perhaps it is also damnation for all time. This does not concern Verestchagin. It does not occur to him that it concerns any one else. He does not think of it. He sees and thinks of what he sees.

In 1877, when he went as Skobelev's military secretary, the Russo-Turkish war gave him opportunity for life and death studies of every horror of war he could imagine. Up to a certain point, he is full of satisfaction which he has a most remarkable genius for imparting to the reader. Suddenly, how-

ever, he discovers that one great thing is lacking to give his work wholeness. He has seen men killed in every way except one. He has never made a life-study of the agony of a man who is being strangled to death by hanging in a military execution. So he asks Strukoff and Skobelev to hang two men he wished to sketch while strangling. The men were Albanian outlaws, captured on reports that they indulged the primitive and natural habit of mangling corpses of their own making. They were Strukoff's prisoners, bound and under guard. The guard was permitting anyone who wished to stone, beat and kick the helpless captives. Passing them on his way to Strukoff's headquarters, Verestchagin made the discovery that all his work would be incomplete unless he saw them hanged. "I asked Strukoff to have them hanged, but he would not allow it." He said he would turn them over to Skobelev who could do as he pleased. "That is all right," Verestchagin answered. "I will ask him. There will be no delays with him."

Skobelev was fond of him and had never refused him any small favor. Verestchagin was fond of experimenting to find how steady he could hold his pencil while sketching under fire. He was also fond of experiments in fighting. At the siege of Samarkand, he led several sorties, and killed enemies in hand to hand struggles. The soldiers loved him. When he went too far in front, and was about to be killed after a losing struggle for the possession of his own musket, they rescued him. He then made a discovery about himself, so highly interesting that he records it minutely. He had been "scared stiff" while his associates were admiring his courage. When he would have been killed, if others had not rescued him, he remembered much later, perhaps only next day, that he had in his pocket an improved American self-cocking revolver, which would have made him independent of rescue if he had not been in too much of a panic to think of using it. As for Skobelev, famous for his "iron nerve," he told Verestchagin that it was all a false pretense, that he had merely drilled himself to stand any sort of fire as if he did not notice it. Being on such intimate terms with Skobelev, Verestchagin expected to have the two prisoners hanged at once, as soon as he explained that they were needed for artistic purposes. "Very well," Skobelev said, and called the colonel of a battalion, whom he instructed to try them by court-martial, adding: "And please be so good as to have them hanged."

"All right, your excellency," the colonel replied and Verestchagin writes that he "considered the business settled." But when he returned, ready to transfer the death agonies of strangulation to an immortal canvas, he found to his disgust, that there was to be no hanging. Strukoff had intervened and convinced Skobelev that the prisoners did not deserve it. Although Verestchagin does not profess to have inquired into the evidence, he remained convinced that both art and justice had been cheated. He was as much displeased with both Skobelev and Strukoff as if they had refused him a loan of twenty rubles or any other small favor, but having no malice in his disposition, he soon forgave them both. When he records the incident, as he does everything else illustrating the connection between art and systematic manslaughter, he expects the sympathy of the candid reader against Skobelev, and especially against Strukoff, but he gives them both credit for good qualities which altogether outweigh what he looks on as their singular conduct on this occasion. His sense of the proprieties is nice enough. He approved when an officer rebuked a private for thrusting a bayonet into the eyes of a dead man, but he is so far from finding anything repulsive even where battle has resulted in massacre, that one of the attractions of his style is the spirit of enjoyment pervading his work. He is not realistic, romantic, chivalric, or even Russian. He feels a certain happiness in his work and his subjects which at times breaks out in gayety, while it is always such an undercurrent of good nature and good humor, as a cannibal magnate, kindly by

nature, may have felt after a full and well-seasoned meal. A British scientist of the nineteenth century who expected to study the habits of one of the last of the cannibal tribes in the South Pacific, found to his disgust on arrival, that a "Yankee missionary" had converted the king, who had ordered the entire tribe to become converted. Making the best of a bad matter, the disciple of Darwin interviewed the crown prince, a lad just grown up to the arms-bearing age. Asked confidentially if he had ever eaten a man, the crown prince said regretfully that he never had—that he had killed one but his father would not let him eat him.

If this is "original human nature," it may be important to recognize what original human nature means in ourselves in combination with such civilization as we may feel able to afford. But it is very much more important to discover what original human nature means in our governing magnates and such men as Vassali Verestchagin. He was the "superman," not merely by genius and birth, but through all that Prussian "kultur" and Parisian polish combined could do to develop his mind to the highest. This highest intellectual development he certainly had. No cabinet officer, no field marshal, no crown prince, prime minister, king, czar or kaiser among those who now send patriots by the myriad to slaughter, ranks higher intellectually among the supermen of the twentieth century than Verestchagin did among those of the nineteenth, and every other.

In their relations to supermen, all other people may be considered now or hereafter as actual or possible subjects for the advancement of art, politics, commerce, science, or something else it is equally desirable to advance. In that case, if we grow black in the face before expiring, Verestchagin, if he were representing us, would be very careful, in mixing his colors, to get exactly the right shade of black. And in that sense, we may be sure, that as supermen become more highly and finely intellectual, through polish or through "kultur," we may rely on them to appreciate our feelings and do us justice without prejudice.

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Prayer for a New Poet

Done out of the Original Greek of Sappho
Expressly for the MIRROR

By J. L. H.

Among the treasures of antique poesy recently recovered, none is more arresting than that of which a rendering is herewith presented. The original has just been discovered on some fragments of an Alexandrian papyrus recovered at Ornithorhynchus, which, with infinite care and patience, have been pieced together by Herr-Professor-Doktor Fakenstein, of the University of Berlin, renowned in three hemispheres as a classical philologist. The entire poem was not intact, some lines being fragmentary, while occasionally words had to be guessed at. The Herr-Professor-Doktor however, with an unrivaled faculty of divination, was able happily to recreate the whole in a manner that is quite convincing. His transcription, in its perfected form, was brought to this country by the famous submarine, "Deutschland," on her last trip. During his recent visit to New York, the editor of the "Mirror" was given the privilege of inspecting this priceless "revenant" of classic poesy and with great difficulty obtained, for a very considerable sum, the right of first presenting it to the public in an English version—which, he desires to state, is fully protected by copyright. The author of the poem is given as one Sappho, who, with great probability, is conjectured by Herr-Professor-Doktor Fakenstein to have been a descendant of both Sappho and Simonides—indeed, quite possibly their son; for while the ancient writers fail to mention Simonides as one of the lovers of Sappho, the great similarity in their poetical styles as judged by their existing works, argues a close intimacy between them, of which it is not at all unlikely that Sappho may have been the result. At any rate, the sublime character of the present production is evidence that its author might well have been a son of the two greatest lyric poets of antiquity, even if such should not ultimately prove to be the case.

The nature of the poem is of farther intense interest. Its title, "Prayer for a New Poet," is, in

deed, simply astonishing—for it indicates nothing more nor less than the fact that in ancient Greece the same poetical movements and schisms prevailed as in America to-day, and that their manifestations were almost precisely similar; for the poet for which this impassioned prayer is offered up to the Olympians is distinguished in the original papyrus by the epithet "neos." Evidently an adherent of an older school, the author holds him to be an "erring brother" in imminent need of divine interposition if he is to escape perdition; which again is the same attitude that to-day characterizes the poets whose inspired outpourings so frequently appear in our pages, as well as those of other high-toned publications giving space to versified matter. —Editor "Reedy's Mirror."

A POLLO!

A Phœbus Apollo!

Lord of the sounding lyre!
And thou, Hermes, who first strung
The vibrant strings athwart the hollow shell!
And ye, ye Heavenly Nine, guarders of Castaly,
White-robed, ineffable, with voices music-making!
Give ear unto my prayer!

Apollo!

Lyric Apollo!

Behold my sacrifice to thee,
Smoking upon thine horned altar!
Hermes!
Cunning one!
To thee I pour libation!
Muses Divine,
Choral in harmony!
With garlands I beseech thee!

For this poet,
This my brother,
In his hour of need.

Harken—
He fain would sing,
Yet from his voice once golden,
Harsh notes and bitter only now arise,
Like to the raven's or the hooting owl's.

When from the lyre,
With flashing fingers,
He would smite such chords
As please the most high gods,
And unto mortals speak such ravishment
That as a very god to them he seems—
Only a jingling discord stirs the air,
Troubling the ear and darkening the soul.

And he, my brother,
Knoweth it not,
Hearth it not at all!
And, as a bard distraught,
Frequenteth still temple and agora,
And with his clamors Academe and Porch
Stuns and appals, driving all calm delight
Hence to the realms of Chaos and of Dis.

Therefore,
Divine Ones!
Delphic Apollo!
Hermes, weaver of words!
Heavenly Nine, choral in harmony!
Accept my sacrifice and my libation
And with kind eyes my wreathed garlands heed.

To this poet—
This, my brother—
Vouchsafe once more thy grace,
Restore the vanished sweetness to his voice,
And to his lyre its throbbing melody;
Smooth from his cloudy brow
Its furrowed frown
And clothe his spirit in humility.

Phœbus!
Phœbus Apollo!
Hermes, cunning one!
Ye Heavenly Nine, choral in harmony!
Give ear, give ear, and grant my prayer!

Poppy Seed

By Harry B. Kennon

"And statesmen at her councils met
Who knew the season when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

—TENNYSON: "TO THE QUEEN."

ALLAN SEYMOUR had done his bit in part. Invalided home from Ypres and now become fit for a slight operation commanded by the surgeons, he contemplated the inconvenience of that little go, and the brief period necessary for recuperation, with suppressed impatience; so eager was he to be off to France again to finish the job—job meaning Germans.

"For king and country? Yes. For God? But of course. For Belgium? There the drive. Belgium! Belgium hideously betrayed—raped—destroyed. Not since time began had one nation so needlessly desolated another as Germany had desolated Belgium."

Thoughts that Allan would have compressed into the words, "rotten outrage;" for, like most young Englishmen of his class and training, he was chary of speech, and emphasis he condemned as an exhibition of weakness or worse. "Only bounders made a noise." Such conversation as he dispensed was made up of simple assertions founded upon passing impressions. Whether his assertions were countered or not made next to no difference to him; he was a Seymour, and the people with whom he preferred to associate made assertions of their own of like kind, for the most. Differences rarely led to discussion, never to low argument; a bland, superior stare, mingling of amusement and contempt, left questions precisely where they were before arising. He has written letters, however, in which he freely expressed his modern mind, gay letters.

He felt toward the Empire much as his father felt toward Queen Victoria, whose portrait, facing that of Allan Seymour, his grandfather, hung in the dining-room of Seymour House: as something sustaining, strong, stainless, comfortable, motherly. "And who would not fight for his mother!"

Not that Allan knew much about his mother. The lady had died of a weak heart, some said a broken heart, in his early boyhood. Her duty to the Seymours ended in bringing a man-child into the world. To her son she was of yesterday and scarcely counted, as were the Congo affair and the Boer war: events he had heard about, certainly, but to which he had devoted no thought. Certain impressions he unknowingly treasured, but things of to-day were infinitely more intriguing to a leisured life. And yet he could point the pedigrees of horses that had won purses long before his mother was born, and he would deliver himself of opinions upon sporting and music hall happenings with a gravity becoming the beautifully clean-built, upstanding young Briton he was. And he was good to look at and pleasant to know, despite his habitual reticence. One felt him trustworthy, and now and again there were flashes that revealed the real Allan Seymour. Public school, a broken Cambridge stay, and some travel had done what they could for him, all that he or his devoted father desired; more than either conceived. Then, too, he had inherited from his grandmother and mother unsuspected sensibilities that made his acquired varnish of boredom but a cover for undefined dissatisfaction that neither money, sport, nor women of the theater or society allayed. Beneath his placidity was a hunger for adventure. He would have laughed such an idea away had it been suggested; it was foreign to his modern creed that nothing important happens.

Then something happened, a sporting event of the first magnitude—the Great War. Once Allan overcame the amazement that England, his country, the only country worth living in, the only country! should be flouted and assailed, he got into the fight. It was while campaigning in Flanders, really living for the first time, that he wrote those glad, lively and terrible letters home to his father, doing his bit, too, by ruefully subscribing and subscribing

again to war loans. Then came the wound that returned him to Seymour House.

It was interesting to look upon Allan Seymour and his son Allan, as they sat over their wine beneath the portrait of old Allan Seymour, founder of their house and fortune. Perhaps it was the genius of the painter, perhaps the lack of genius, that gave the dead East India merchant the hard, pitiless, grasping expression dominating the room and reflected in son and grandson, notwithstanding gentle blood purchased into their race by the great Seymour fortune.

Not until the first Allan had married a third wife, the last two out of the nobility, had a son been given him, and not until his heir had taken a second aristocratic wife that the third Allan was born. There had been no daughters and but one other son, sheltered to death beneath the weak heart of Allan's mother. Doubtless the Seymour ladies had not been too happy, but revenge was theirs in the gentler features of the men sitting under old Allan's portrait, gentlest in young Allan, though a glance from the face of the twenty-five-year-old boy to that of the sixty-year-old face painted showed the strain of merchant blood that is winning its way, has won its way, to the ruling of Britain—the new aristocracy.

While his father drank speedy destruction to Germany and death to all Germans, Allan drank little and that not in entire accord with the older man's blood-thirstiness. He had brought back from France a quiet far removed from the veneer of his former London pose, and but little malignity. The hatred he saw manifested everywhere at home astounded him, the blood lust of civilians. He could not look upon the war as a partisan spectator; he had been in it, of it; had seen Germans, Englishmen and Frenchmen stripped to the brute. Hatred had died out of him. Killing must go on to victory. Why fume? He was extremely quiet.

Perhaps he was thinking of the slight operation of the morrow, of which his father was yet to be informed. That he would be disturbed and anxious until the little job was done, and well done, Allan knew. He could bank on his father's affection—and there was the fortune to consider. Only Allan stood between that great inheritance and charity or the empire. It was absurd to worry about so trivial an affair, but the boy understood his father; he had made his arrangements and maintained silence to spare him annoyance—to spare himself bother. But his father had to be told.

So, quite casually, while speaking of his speedy return to France, Allan said that the date of his departure depended upon his engagement with the surgeons. It went off rather better than he had anticipated. After the first shock of surprise his father met him with expected questions, to which he could give reassuring answers. Another glass of wine and they left the table, the father expressing satisfaction that he should have his son with him that much longer at any rate. Shortly thereafter he said he was tired and left for his bed-room.

Allan had never before known a Seymour to complain of being tired.

The Seymours parted at the door of the operating-room with a handshake, their only expression of emotion; they had not reached the stoicism of the Japanese. The father waited in an ante-room, reading the *Times* without comprehension, while the son floated off to a world which neither had troubled himself to comprehend. . . .

A sinking away, and a silence; then the tolling of great bells, and Allan found himself in a ruined square beneath the spires of Antwerp's cathedral. The bells were voices:

"Grapes that thy fathers ate were sour,
Thy children's teeth are set on 'edge;
Thy sorrows, Belgium, mark the hour
Redeeming Leopold his pledge—
Congo! Congo!"

Dreadful the voices rising and falling, until the tolling sank into the measured beat of many muffled gongs as dreadful; and Allan looked upon a field of nodding poppies, nation-wide, a field of dreaming beauty. Up and down the field walked men nursing

the plants to blooming—many men. They turned their faces toward him, and every face was the face of a Seymour. Now and again the husbandmen would bend their heads as if they heard the gongs; then they would exchange smiles and return to their tasks.

He saw the poppies pod and heard the rattling of their seeds as they swayed in the kindly trade wind; the beating of the gongs grown nervous, apprehensive. Then he saw the pods transformed into faces of debased Chinamen, saw the nationwide field, a field of men rotting beneath a nauseous, stupefying vapor. Behind the cloud he saw other Chinamen begging of the Seymours that this rotting of their brothers be ended. But the Seymours laughed and shook their heads and scattered poppy seed far and wide to the tilling of greater fields. And the gongs were beaten nervously and yet more nervously until the beating clamored war. Then behind the Seymours he saw an army of Englishmen, behind them English statesmen taking occasion by the hand, forcing poppy seed upon Chinamen, and compelling them to pay huge war costs for the privilege of being rotted, weakened and made easy of further conquest. These bounds of freedom grown wider, Allan saw, while the sounds of gongs sank to hopeless wails to be wafted abroad by beneficent trade winds.

And he saw his grandfather and father, all his nation, counting gold pieces upon gold pieces; and every piece stank of opium.

He saw the poppy fields gradually diminishing under a worldwide wind of wrath that showed the trade wind for what it was—diminishing but not destroyed; and he saw the poppy gold increasing and increasing in the benevolent hands of the Seymours, and of his country. And then, so strange is dreaming, he walked in Hong Kong before the entrance to the British pleasure compound. Glancing up, he read the sign above the gate: "Chinamen and Dogs Not Admitted." It seemed to Allan, then, as if all the bells in all the world were tolling, all the goings in all the world throbbing.

A keen-eyed young Chinaman of the New Republic stood beside him. "What does it all mean?" asked Allan.

"It means," answered the Chinaman, "that Belgium has paid the price of her persecutions—that Germany shall pay—that England shall pay—. . . .

"Well?" asked Allan's father, crumpling his *Times*. "His heart," explained the surgeon, "weak—the opiate."

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In a Little College Town

By Alice Edgerton

OUR little college town is one of the communities that came into the world with a sore infection of puritanism. What with a certain isolation geographically and morally, and much inbreeding, for years this affliction was normal to the population, and rare incomers who neither brought nor acquired the standard character were forthwith read out of town. Our fathers were very poor, very self-denying; one way or another they were all preachers and their preaching was hell-fire. Gilead and the school which was Gilead's excuse for being, they built in the least sightly claypit available, and they painted the houses dull red because dull red paint is durable. They prayed much and lived on a dollar a week; with fine indiscrimination they espoused the cause of any underdog, from women and negroes to graham flour.

Good looks and decoration and good times were of the flesh, the flesh of the devil, and every child knew what the devil was. Castigate the flesh and by hypothesis you were of God. I remember a great swarthy old man whose lean frame used to tower big and black in prayer-meeting when I was a child. "Thank God," he used to say: we did not yet say "Praise God" or "Glory be to God," in Gilead; "Thank God that he has removed from me the devil of levity." He used often to tell his story: how he

had been a great boy to laugh; how by prayer and by strong will he had broken the back of one sin after another, but this sin of levity persisted. At last one morning after hours of struggle and prayer God intervened. In an instant the devil of levity was gone "and from that day to this I have not sinned."

Times have been changing a good deal since the early days. Our students have come to us a little lighter-hearted and better-to-do and less formally religious; the world has come trolleying into our isolation; and we have suffered no slight inconvenience to conscience in the process of adapting these facts to the ideas we grew up with. Recently, after years of penury and slow prosperity, our college has come into a fortune. We have money for equipment we never dreamed of in the days of the old brick chapel and prayer before classes. We have not only money: money in itself may be puritanic enough, for you can give it to the missionary cause: but we have a collection of rugs, tapestries, color prints, etchings, that a rich man spent his life gathering; and we are to have fine new buildings, with an architect from New York and mural paintings. Of course we are pleased; and overbearing, as what college would not be; and we do like the possessions for their own sake. But with it all we are distinctly apologetic. We feel that somehow we must take these things hard, with an aspiring expression, if not as instruments by which God chastens us, at least as solemn expressions of His Presence.

We are to have a little theater. Now not a soul in Gilead forty years ago but knew the theater was a work of the devil, and for all our bravado we feel just a little that way ourselves. But by scouring about we have found relief in an eminently quotable divine who says that dramatic expression is natural and that by its cultivation we can the better "serve:" there's a word that is meat and drink to morals. We are going to have an art building; it has hand carving on the outside that cost us a mint of money. But we explain that with lectures and pictures and a chair of art we can the more richly minister—this is our phrase—to the "art needs of the community." And when the corner stone is laid, the president will dedicate this edifice to the service of God.

You see we by no means deny ourselves enlightened pleasures. We indulge ourselves in far more worldly things. But our minds are muddled by the conflict between our enjoyment and the stern ideal which dimly haunts us in private and which we keep well to the fore in church and chapel. Instructors with a nobility slightly professional intone the spirit of sacrifice and service, and students reflect our teaching, youthfully enlarged, in their daily themes. We can never let the ideal rest, and yet pleasure besets us at every turn. As a result we continually justify ourselves. Once we can get the thing into terms of "need" and "duty," the ghost is laid and we get on very much like other people. Enjoyment, not too intense, and in its proper place, serves a purpose; it "does us good;" "relaxation" is a sort of duty. In this way we accommodate to our good square ancestral doctrine football and parties and sartorial satisfaction, and those forms of art which we find ourselves enjoying. Serious Art, the Classic, is a very different matter. "Knowledge of the best" is no joke; it is a clear and toilsome duty. Scholarliness, on the other hand, the enjoyment of study as such, we are not so sure of. Of course the student should do his work well—conscientiously. But we are by no means sure it is fitting, certainly it is not admirable, to regard learning as a good in itself. College is a preparation for work in the world, and far be it from us to encourage the young in the idea that work-in-the-world is primarily if at all a thing to be enjoyed. Scholarship is not high in our school; and piety has a certain academic value.

In one way or another we have been able to fit most worldly goods into our code. Enjoyment of sex perhaps bothers us more than any other infringement of our ideal at the moment. When we had families of fourteen there was no need to admit

that sex was a pleasure. Fruitfulness is a mandate (Genesis I, 28), and everyone knows the comfortable austerity of fulfilling a mandate, to say nothing of the effort of raising the children. But in Gilead we have few children and it looks very much as if sex were a pleasure to be accounted for. Consequently we are ashamed and do not mention sex to our students or among ourselves. We do occasionally, under religious auspices, speak of the duties of marriage to the young women, lauding the woman who devotes herself to her children and rejoices in the duty of training good citizens for the community (we are speaking of sons) and good wives and mothers.

Our sense of the sin of enjoyment is more persistent in Gilead than in the outer world, but it, too, suffers from this residue of puritanism. Everywhere a patronizing conception of social welfare has been fertile ground for a new outcropping of the old disease. There is a labored apotheosis of duty, a labored apology for pleasure, and even the plumpest good liver cherishes a vision of himself spare, silently strong, lifted above carnal interest in dinners and sex. This philosophy, in most people too submerged to cut off those activities we call the lighter side of life or to dim the brightness of our pleasure in them, is none the less responsible in serious measure for the present state of taste and personality in the community.

❖❖❖

Spectra

By Elijah Hay

ODE IN THE NEW MODE

YOUR face
Was a temple
From which your soul
Came to me beneath arched brows:
And my soul knelt at your lips.

Then
Inadvertently
I saw your leg
Curved and turned like a bird-song,
Dying into ecstatic silence at the garter. . . .

Wretched
Women!
When you are wholly lovely
Man cannot forget either of his two afflictions,
Soul, or body!

TO AN ACTOR
You are a gilded card case
And I thought I had found a purse!
Your spirit's coin was squandered long ago,
And in its place
Are white cards, all alike,
Bearing a word,
Your name,
Connoting nothing!

PHILOSOPHER TO ARTIST
You are a raisin, and I am a nut!
What meat there is to you
Can be seen at a glance—
(Seeds, where they exist, are bitter.)
My calm, round glossiness,
(For I am sound,
And free from worminess of spirit)
Defies your casual inspection.
It takes sharp teeth
And some determination
To taste my kernel!

AN EPITAPH
Her soul was built
Squat, like a toad, to be stepped on,
Equally free from modesty or self-respect—
Yet even in death
By some blind, infallible instinct,
Thrilled to rapture
At the crunch of a noble foot!

The Brown Bear

By John Beverley Robinson

THE chief grudge that the pacifists have against the militarists is their total lack of imagination.

Naturally, the first thing that occurs to anybody, when they are afraid that some other people are coming with bombs and torpedoes, to blow them skyhigh, is to also get some bombs and torpedoes and do some blowing themselves.

If they can get together enough of these weapons, and can arouse the necessary spirit to use them, by cheers and flag waving, it would seem to be a foregone conclusion that they would blow up the enemy before the enemy could blow them up. Logically, the scheme is perfect.

The trouble is it doesn't work that way.

In actual practice, we have seen men for centuries trying to guard themselves against war by arming themselves; and, the more they arm themselves, the more wars there are.

Right now, at the present moment, under our noses, as it were, we have the most stupendous laboratory experiment, so to speak, of the results of "preparedness."

All the European nations were "prepared." Some were prepared more than others; but it is an error to say that any of them was unprepared. The result is the general mix-up that we see, with the apparent probability that the most prepared of all is not going to come out on top, as logic would require, but just the opposite.

Now, our militarists seem totally incapable of learning from experience.

Did you ever see a bear, walking up and down—up and down—behind the bars of his cage, trying to find a space wide enough for him to get out? If the bear had any sense, one might address him and say, "Stop, Mr. Bear—stop right now! Don't go back to the other end of the cage again! You've tried it fifty times. You ought to be sure by this time that you can't get out that way. Try scratching a hole through the bottom of your cage, or finding some cranny at the top; but stop doing what you've tried a thousand times before with nothing but failure!"

Of course, the bear would neither listen nor understand; and, to all appearance, neither will the militarist.

Both the bear and the militarist have the logic on their side. The front of the cage is the most open—manifestly the proper place to try to get out: the only way to oppose somebody who is coming to kill you, is to kill him first.

The weakness of us pacifists is that we have no logic to help us. It does seem absurd—it may be freely granted—as far as logic is concerned, not to arm for defence. But if we have not the logic, we have the facts; and he who has facts can let the logic go.

So we again urge you militarists not to keep on doing blindly what you have tried hundreds of times before, and found a conspicuous failure! Have more sense than a brown bear!

The experience of ages has proved war futile: give up war anyway—try some other way, be it scratching a hole through the bottom or scrambling out at the top! War has been proved a failure by the facts. Give it up! And that means peace at any price!

And now I see you balk—"Oh, no! not at any price!" Well, why not? What higher price could you pay for anything than you pay for war? Would peace cost more than war? Hardly!

Of course, I could tell you the real remedy, but your minds are not yet ready. For the present, all I am asking is that you should use what intelligence you have to more purpose than a brown bear.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Letters From the People

Carson and Carsonism

3523 Wyoming Street,
St. Louis, March 12, 1917.
Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your review of three books written by Irishmen, in the MIRROR of March 2, you seem to be unacquainted with a few facts that one of the authors, Mr. St. John G. Ervine, who is a conscientious Ulster Presbyterian, might be constrained by the censor from stating in his biography of Sir Edward Carson.

You say that he devotes only about twenty uncomplimentary lines to the man he is supposed to be telling us all about. Probably he said something startling like this: "England now knows how Louis XVII felt when he had to accept Fouche, the man who voted for the death of his brother, as minister," or "When Carson organized rebellion in Ireland, his right bower was the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, aided by his Catholic nephew, Lord Talbott, and his left bower was the late Lord Chief Justice O'Brien, another Roman Catholic." Carson deserves more than twenty lines in your mighty "Enc. Brit." and I am sorry that a man like St. John Ervine was forced by circumstances to leave an unfinished job.

Now, it is quite possible that even with the aid of this famous Irish playwright some of your readers might be still in the dark as to the Ulster question and the reason for Carson and Carsonism. I think I can state without prejudice just what they might want to know. Pick up any history of the French Revolution, in either French or English, and note the number of references made to Arthur Young, the English traveler, who wrote his impressions of France prior to 1789. Young visited Ireland in 1776, stayed there nearly three years, kept the usual diary, and printed it in two volumes. Here is an extract from it:

"In Antrim, Lord Antrim's is the most extensive property, being 4 baronies and 173,000 acres. The rent is 8,000 pounds a year, but re-let for 64,000 pounds a year by tenants that have perpetuities, perhaps the cruellest instance in the world of carelessness for the interests of posterity."

But, you may say that all of this is long ago and far away. I can only answer that I am trying to explain the last four years of Irish history. In Ireland, in 1776, the Penal Code was still in full blast, but of course, somewhat easier on the Dissenter than on the Catholic. Both, however, had almost been reduced to the position of helot and serf. Belfast is the county seat of Antrim, and Antrim contained then, as it does now, more non-Catholics than any other county in Ireland. In the early part of the previous century the remnant of the Ulster Catholics had been driven to the bogs and the mountains. The O'Neills and O'Donells had become only a faint tradition, but the new planters did not get on very well with their imported overlords. They were only tenants at will, and the Catholic would come from the bogs and swamps and outbid them for the land

of his ancestors. The question with the aristocracy, landed and mercantile, was, who could pay the most for the land, who could work the longest and cheapest in the linen mills; and the native Catholic could endure and endeavor better than the newcomers.

Then came the freedom of the American colonies, the French Revolution, and "Fire in her ashes Ireland felt."

In 1791, Wolf Tone founded the Society of United Irishmen. He preached the doctrine of the brotherhood of man in Belfast, and by 1794 that city after Paris was the most revolutionary place in Europe. The green flag was first unfurled outside of Belfast in that year. Then privilege took alarm, and the first Orange Lodge was started in 1795. Only members of the Church of Ireland joined, and their object was to maintain the status quo. The United Irishmen were driven to rebellion in 1798. The Rebellion has been accurately described as an uprising of Presbyterians in Ulster, and an outbreak of Catholics, led by Protestant squires,



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New Quaker Laces—the much-wanted material for windows, French doors and vestibules—especially good for casement windows; 45 inches wide; ivory or ecru. The yard **35c**

New Striped Voile and Marquisette—particularly adapted for bedroom curtains; 40 inches wide; white, ivory and ecru. The yard **35c**

New Sunfast Drapery Material for living-room, dining-room, library, doors or window over-curtains. Highly mercerized and guaranteed to stand sun and laundering; 50 inches wide; colors, brown, blue, pink, green and mulberry. The yard **\$1.00**

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in Dublin and Wexford. Seventy thousand people were killed in Ireland that summer. It was only a terrible repetition of the struggle in La Vendee five years earlier. Most of the Ulster leaders were killed or hanged; thousands of the rebels left the country forever.

Castlereagh, an Ulster man, was head of Irish affairs in 1798. He had gone to Paris to take lessons during the Reign of Terror, and he borrowed many of Nero's methods to settle the rebellion. The Orangeman was triumphant and why not make the most of him. Ulster was smoldering and sullen, but the entire organized power of the government was called in to widen the breach between the Catholic and non-Catholic. Two sons of George III, the Duke of York and the Duke of Cumberland, became successively grand masters of the Orange Lodge.

Tenant rights were granted in Ulster, and the Dissenter became satisfied. Eighty years after, Parnell forced a reluctant government to grant the same rights to the balance of Ireland. Said Emmet on his way to the scaffold: "I charge the ministry with setting brother against brother in the name of religion." And so it continued down to this day, and the hell-broth is now properly mixed and brewed. William Carleton was an Ulster man, and his "Tales and Tales of the Irish Peasantry" are all Ulster stories. Castlereagh, one of the most sinister figures in history, became world-renowned. He helped Metternich at the Congress of Vienna to set the stage for the present war. He wound up an in-

famous career by cutting his throat. Years after, Henrich Heine visited England, "the country of one sauce and three hundred religions." He tells how the barber that shaved him in London wished that he had a chance at Wellington's throat to send him after Castlereagh, and then he said the last word on Castlereagh, Carson and Carsonism, past, present and to come:

"As we love our mother, so do we love the soil on which we were born, and even so do we love the flowers, the perfume, the language, and the men peculiar to that soil. No religion is so bad, and no politics so good that they can extinguish such a love in the bosoms of its devotees, and Burke and Canning, though Protestants and Tories, could not for all that, take part against poor green Erin. Those Irishmen who spread terrible misery and unutterable wretchedness over their fatherland, are men—like the late Castlereagh."

Carson, *et al.* are only trying to live up to Castlereagh's reputation. The writer could tell you how Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, son of George III, became Grand Master of the Orange Lodge, and of the conspiracy to set him on the throne of England instead of Victoria. Only for Wellington the plans would have gone through. Ernest became king of Hanover; his son, the blind king, was defeated and exiled by Prussia in 1806. His grandson is still alive, and his great-grandson is the Kaiser's son-in-law.

The writer sees no chance for a settlement in Ireland. In two centuries Ireland had two Catholic leaders, O'Connell and Redmond. They were tragic failures because they were too easy. Ireland must have men of the Casement, Parnell, John Mitchell type to make England listen. Say what you will, the English junker is in the saddle. Carson's predecessor was Colonel Saunderson, and of him I want to say something. The Colonel and his ancestors were typical dyed-in-the-wool Covenanters, with sixteenth century minds. But, please don't laugh. The Colonel was practically educated by the Jesuits. Of course on all public occasions he drank to the memory of the Boyne and consigned the Pope to perdition. The Jesuits were the best teachers in sight, and the Colonel's father never mixed business with pleasure. The Colonel called himself and followers Uitlanders, and spent his life in opposing all measures that might be for the benefit of the unfortunate country he was born in.

In 1898, in a fit of indignation, he went to South Africa with the intention of seeing Kruger and giving him what's what, "had it come to the point that a Britisher or Scotch-Irishman could not get off the train any place in the world and cast his vote?" Kruger refused to see him, and sent word that they could in the Transvaal, when they complied with certain formalities. The Colonel went back to England shrieking for the dogs of war, after he had added his decoction to the South African hell broth. When Protestantism clashed with Ulsterism, why, damn Protestantism! Anyhow, the Boers were not good Protestants. No, the Colonel never smelled powder in his life.

Let the Dublin Fusiliers fight. Now, when the Boers were all scattered and

"bated," England began to think that everything was not well with her and she commenced to grow restive under her Balfours, Chamberlains, Saundersons and Carsons. The old Colonel smelled Liberalism, and the first pilgrimage from Ulster to Berlin was made. The Colonel went and saw the Kaiser. On behalf of Ulster? So it was said. Then Carson went; and then last of all, Casement went. Had either Carson or Saunderson been hanged for treason, Irishmen might begin to believe in what you call "British justice." As for the future of Ireland, I am afraid she will have to go into the desert again until a man like Parnell arises. The Sein Feiners thought that it was necessary to prove to the world that she still has a soul, and so they rushed out in abortive rebellion. And

Theirs was the victory.

For as they did

They swore by the cross

That they had not lied.

Later I intend to have my say about Mr. Joyce's two books.

THOMAS I. MACAULEY.

♦

Brickbats and Bouquets

St. Louis, Mo., March 12, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It is up to you now to come out in an article denying that the statements made in Mrs. Hutchings' able letter are facts. Or you might make the statement that the lady's knowledge of world history, unlike Mr. Wakefield's, did begin in August, 1914. This would cause no surprise coming from one who has become so thoroughly impregnated with the British viewpoint that, like the British, he believes his idol, the King (I mean the President), can do no wrong. It would therefore be impossible for you, or others like you, to admit that a single line of Senator Stone's statement in Saturday's *Republic* is true, or that former Senator Works in his statement in this morning's *Globe-Democrat* knows what he is talking about. Senator Cummins sent out the same warning to the country in an article in *Pearson's* last November.

As a matter of fact, the President has whipped congress into line and has made it submissive to his dictates just as he probably did his former students in the university. That he was not sincere in his declaration about a single term is evidenced by his subsequent conduct. That he was not sincere in his declaration that permitting the British loan would be an un-neutral act is evidenced by his subsequent conduct when the masters gave the word. That he was not sincere in his declaration to the railroad men, about two years ago in Chicago, when he promised them that he would see to it that they got a square deal, was proven by his subsequent conduct when they were left to hold the bag. That he was not sincere in the present controversy of the railroad men, but that he wanted only to avoid the besmirching of his first term by such a calamity as a nation-wide strike, is proven by the way that issue has been dragged along through his arbitrary interference, until he was safely inaugurated for a second term.

You may have confidence in the President, but there are a lot of people in



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this country who have not, and the sending of the state troops to the Mexican border opened the eyes of many workingmen because they have become convinced that it was a move only to give these troops a training to make them ready for internal troubles; for everyone knows that a bunch of Texas Rangers, left to their own devices, with instructions to get Villa, would have accomplished more in a week's time than has thus far been accomplished by the

troops. Some of these eastern troops went down with banners on their cars reading: "We'll pull Carranza's whiskers." They did not pull a hair, but Mr. Carranza pulled a few feathers from the Eagle's tail. And we have tamely swallowed this humiliation. Any insult from any nation but Germany; those coming from her, the one friend who, in the stressful times of the Civil war, saved us from our worst enemy and disintegration, must be avenged.

We are going into this war with a tenth part of our population on the verge of starvation; a splendid way to induce patriotism.

What other nations think of our course was indicated to us by little Sweden; she handed us a bitter dose and we swallowed it.

And now for the national stain that cannot be effaced by time or penance, as Mrs. Hutchings says: "That no amount of sophistry will wash out," namely: The American people have always boasted of their Christianity, of their ability to lead and show others the right way to go. Had this been true, we should have said at the beginning of the war that, claiming to be leaders, we will say of the old, tattered precedent of the stone age, which directed that one man should sell or lend to another the tools wherewith to murder his brother, "To h—I with such a precedent;" we will establish a new precedent; we will set a new example to the world; we will refuse to furnish this murder machinery desired by one side or the other; we will not engage in this unholy traffic, for we claim to be Christians and the Founder of our creed was the Prince of Peace. No; not only did we not do this, but we permitted, we aided and abetted, outside those regularly engaged in the making of arms and ammunition, thousands who pretend to have been created in the image of the one God of the world, who happened to be possessed of a stove to melt and a lathe to turn metal on, to engage in this inhuman traffic of murder machinery for profit, forsaking their legitimate lines of trade to do so, and we glory in the prosperity which this blood money has brought us. In the history of the world no nation has stooped to this. This is the depth of degradation.

L. G. D.

*

A Problem in Publisher's Ethics

412 Third Ave., Williamsport, Pa.
March 8, 1917.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

In the issue of REEDY'S MIRROR for March 2, there is a review under the head of "Recent Fiction," of "The Beetle," by Richard Marsh, published by Putnam's, N. Y.

As I have seen several other notices and reviews of the story recently, it may be of interest to note that there is a copy of the novel on my desk now, bearing the date 1900, published by A. Wessels, N. Y., and with the annotation, "Seventh edition." An edition was published also by Brentano in 1909.

Is there not some influence that can be brought to bear by such reviews as the MIRROR, to restrain publishers from giving, as has apparently been the case

here, the impression that a re-publication is a new work? Reviewers and readers are alike misled.

W. R. CROCKER.

[Re-publications should be designated as such. Most publishers usually do this. Why it was not done in the case

of "The Beetle" we do not know.—Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR.]

*

"The Call of the Wild" a Plagiarism?

Winnipeg, Manitoba, March 6, 1917.
Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I notice amongst the many well-

deserved tributes to the ability of the late Jack London some references to "The Call of the Wild" as his greatest work and the one in which he is the most truly original and which most typically shows his own genius.

Your able contributor, John L. Her-



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There are satins, Georgettes, taffetas and crepes, in navy, black, gray, orchid, bisque, rose, Burgundy, gold, apple green and checks. (Third Floor)



STIX-BAER & FULLER

"Grand Leader"

of "The Beetle" we do not know.—Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR.]

*

"The Call of the Wild" a Plagiarism?

Winnipeg, Manitoba, March 6, 1917.
Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I notice amongst the many well-

vey, in a recent issue of the MIRROR says: "At twenty-six he wrote—or I would rather say, created, for the book is a true creation, 'The Call of the Wild,' his brevet for immortality."

Is it not a fact that "The Call of the Wild" was immediately recognized as a copy, in better literary style, of an obscure book written by a Canadian missionary who described the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" life of one of his dogs?

As I remember the incident, a friend of the missionary publicly accused London of the theft and London admitted it, but said he supposed he had a right to use the obscure material for his purposes.

GEORGE R. BELTON.

[In better literary style—that's the answer. Shakespeare took a lot of "old stuff" but his "better literary style" made that "old stuff" into "something rich and strange." Dickens borrowed from Smollett. W. D. Howells reshaped a forgotten pamphlet into "The Leatherwood God." There is nothing new under the sun, in letters or in life.—Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR.]

♦♦♦

New Books

The "human interest" is not allowed to lag in Hugh de Selincourt's novel, "A Soldier of Life" (Macmillan, New York). The "soldier of life" is a man who returns to England from the French front wounded and with his nerves so badly shattered that he has hallucinations which bring before him at times the terrible scenes he has witnessed. The tale deals not with the war itself, but with its after-effects on the individual. The description of this "soldier of life's" battle against insanity and his final victory is powerful enough. The tale of his love affair and of his peculiar psychological experiences is also interesting. There is something in this book that is seldom found in the modern novel—a strongly developed religious strain. The book is keenly analytical of human motives and is well written.

♦

"Thrift" is the title of the latest book from the pen of Bolton Hall (Huebsch, New York). It announces that it is not a sermon on how to save money on a salary of \$6 a week. "Anyone who is on a salary of twice six dollars a week needs not to save it, but to be saved from it." He believes that the old-fashioned "thrift" advocates preached the direct opposite of the ideals of modern business. Samuel Smiles, that good old soul, wrote a Sunday school book on thrift, the burden of which was, "be virtuous and you will be happy." Hall's book is not along these lines and its style also avoids the heavy method of the average writer on economic subjects. This style is simple and at times breezy. Above all, it is thoroughly modern in its treatment of the subject. Says he: "Thrift is not carrying in your clothes all you have, like a tin horn gambler with his diamond stud; neither in picking up peanuts, nor in wearing shop shop clothes. Life is made for savings, but savings are made that life may be more abundant here and now. There are ways of thrift in using life's opportunities." The misfortune is that many people think economic conditions are set against them

and cannot be successfully resisted, a prophetic view that fulfills itself.

For one thing, the author strongly dissents from the generally accepted idea of German efficiency, although he insists at the same time he is entirely neutral as far as the present war is concerned. He believes that the world has confused national efficiency with personal proficiency, as far as Germany is concerned. The ruling classes are no different there than in other countries; they are on the backs of the people. Where they have exhibited proficiency it is possibly due to the almost autocratic power they have in execution. "The average German is efficient only as a well-trained child is efficient and he has all the limitations of children. From infancy to old age he is moved about and directed by a truly paternalistic government. He learns by drilling to do one thing well, looks to his government for guidance in all sorts of affairs and never grows out of docile dependence upon it, his virtues and faults being those of a subject, not of a free man." He then produces facts and figures to show that wages in Germany before the war were a third less than in England and the cost of living a fifth higher. He tells us something of the general poverty of the people, often in despite of appearance, cites the fact that emigration from Germany to this country before the war was more than from France, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Bulgaria all put together. He decides Germans would not emigrate were ideal conditions of efficiency existing in Germany. He points to the fact that two-thirds of the German taxpayers escape the income tax because their incomes are less than \$225 a year, and concludes that "German efficiency is mechanized activity, not socialized energy."

The conclusion of the entire book is that the people should be brought to the land and the author thinks that this can be done by smashing the monopoly in land values. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Foundations of Fortunes, Personal National Efficiency, Saving, Waste, Investment in Land, Intensive Cultivation, Our Liquor Bills."

The book is sound in principle and strong in presentation.

♦

If you should hear a householder say on being aroused at night by a lot of soldiers, "'Arf a mo! Wait till I gits on me britches," you would imagine the indweller is a British cockney. Nothing of the kind; he is a French peasant in the midst of Champagne and the soldiers are French *poilus*. They all talk like English "Tommies" in Marcel Berger's book, "Ordeal by Fire," published by the Macmillans. The translator, Mrs. Cecil Curtis, seems to think it necessary not only to tell us what they say but to make the French *poilus* say it just as an English "Tommy" would say it, with all the "h's" dropped and all the London slang and English idioms included. This, of course, adds a ridiculous feature to the book. Despite this, the translator seems to have retained much of the nervous, impulsive literary style characteristic of the French.

"Ordeal by Fire" purports to be a work of fiction, but about the only fic-

tion evident is the assumption of the fictitious name of Sergeant Dreher as he tells the story written by Marcel Berger, a sergeant in the French army. One feels that the book is nothing more than the relation of the author's own actual experiences from the beginning of the great war until the battle of the Marne. *Sergeant Dreher*, a young intellectual of a well-to-do family, enters the war shrinking from the filth and the promiscuity of service in the field and with a thorough contempt for most of the men with whom he is compelled to serve. He shows us the psychological changes that war forces, tells us how he came to form genuine friendships with many of the non-commissioned officers and finally to respect and have a fondness for many of the men under him, finding nobility even in the Paris ragpicker. From being a kind of a slacker at first and decidedly unpopular, he becomes the most helpful and popular man of his platoon. And he notes the transforming effect that war has on nearly all the men. The publishers announce this book as "one of the first soaring Latin masterpieces to which the present war has given birth." It is nothing of the kind. But it is a good narrative of a soldier's experience in actual warfare. It gives us the minutiae of war, the thousand petty experiences, what the men talk about and what they think. The sergeant loses a leg at the battle of the Marne. This makes the war experience a relatively short one, but it is filled with battle and danger from the start.

♦♦♦

Gas in Industry

The use of artificial gas for industrial purposes has been greatly increased in recent years and it is now rapidly taking the place of other fuels, both liquid and solid, in many lines of manufacturing. It can readily be appreciated what a valuable asset gas fuel is to industry provided that its utilization is economical.

In the metal industry where gas is at present extensively used for such work as hardening and tempering steel, forging and welding, brass and copper melting, aluminum and soft metal melting, die and case hardening and in all kinds of heating operations, it is becoming recognized as the standard fuel. In work that requires high and even temperatures, gas is extensively used in factories. As an illustration of the purposes for which gas can be used—the automobile companies now use it in ovens ranging from 6 feet to 20 feet square for baking japan on metal parts and as many as ten and twenty ovens are constantly in use in some plants. Some of the advantages which gas offers over other fuels are:

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♦♦♦

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♦♦♦

Willie Willis—What's a "popular idol," pa?

Papa Willis—It is the fellow who is in between the fellow he has just licked and the fellow who is going to lick him. —Judge.

♦♦♦

Crabshaw—It's impossible to make a woman happy.

Crawford—Nonsense. Just give her all the money she can spend.

Crabshaw—Didn't I just say it was impossible?—Pittsburg Post.

Queer People

By C. F. Shandrew

"Magic Shop One Flight Up." So the sign read. I took the ascension. There appeared to be no one in the room when I entered. Very soon though, a man arose from behind one of the showcases. He "looked like an actor" and the most striking thing about him was his hair, which was very black and cut into a high pompadour. Since I lost my own hair, I always notice other men's. "By the same token do you notice wit in others?" a voice asked. I was looking directly at the shopkeeper, but the voice did not appear to come from him.

"Did you say anything?" said I.

"I spoke," he replied.

My mind then recurred to his first remark and I caught on to its subtlety. Now here was a chance for a proper repartee, but I was too amazed at his reading my thought to think at once of a fitting come-back. It matters not that hours afterward I thought of a crushing rejoinder. 'Twas then too late, too late! What good is a repartee that isn't instantaneous? Well, in my irritation I said the most obvious and commonplace thing you could think of, whereupon his majesty looked disappointed. He was really pained at the feebleness of my reply. Apparently he expected something better. Still, I wasn't there to please him and the more I thought of it the more convinced I was of his impudence.

"Interested in toy puzzles?" he asked and when I told him, with what significance I could put into my voice, that that was what I had come for, he showed me one the price of which was ten cents. I took it and gave him a dollar bill. As he turned to get the change his eye followed my glance to some curious packages on the shelves behind him.

"Jugglers' paraphernalia," he said. "I used to do a turn at juggling and ventriloquism on Keith's circuit before I lost my nerve."

"You certainly must have had some," I said compassionately, "if what I see before me are only the remains of it."

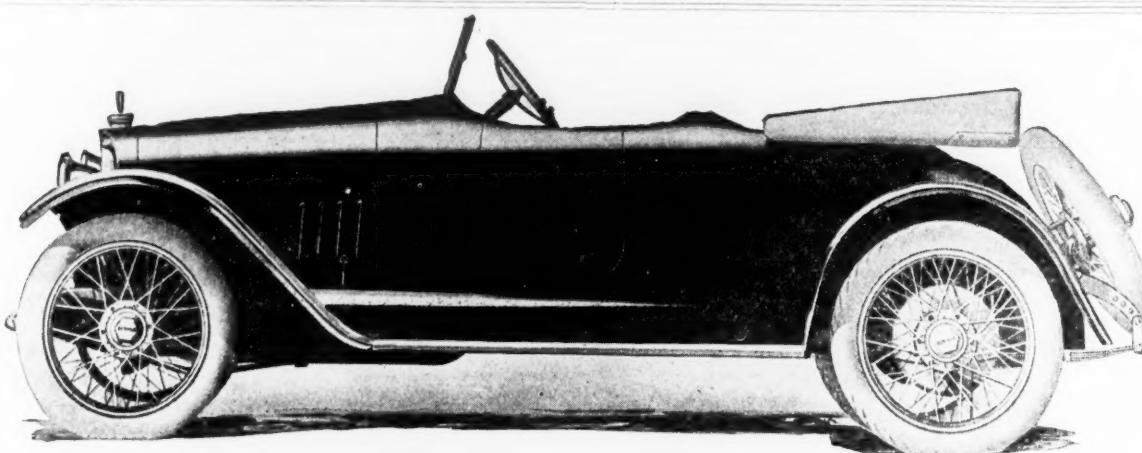
Again the disappointed look appeared in his face and I felt it was not at my reflection on him personally, but that I should utter such a paltry witticism. Plainly, here was a man whom neither obvious wit nor broad humor appealed to. Probably the only kind he relished was the delicate, evanescent, esoteric kind such as one finds in treatises on political economy by college professors.

I left the place feeling no inclination to return. That evening, after I had spent two hours and more trying to solve the puzzle, I came to the conclusion that it was a fake. Then I remembered that I had not received ninety cents in change for the dollar I had handed the magician. Next morning I again climbed the one flight up. His Highness met me with outstretched hand.

"Your change," he said simply, just as if no time at all had elapsed since I stood there before.

"Thanks," said I, grudgingly, then with some sarcasm, "Perhaps you can do this puzzle I bought here yesterday."

"I can," he replied. "So can you. It



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is only necessary for you to apply a principle that is well known to you—in this case that of centrifugal force." I did so and the puzzle was solved instantly.

"I never thought of that," I said, apologetically.

"So they all say," said the magician wearily.

After an awkward pause—"Are you familiar with the Law of Rent?" he asked.

I was suspicious at once. Was he spoofing me? However, I answered, simply, "If you mean Ricardo's, I remember reading it at college, but I can't say that I'm familiar with it."

"A proper grasp and comprehension of that law," he said earnestly, "will enable you to solve problems of government that puzzle and confound the most acute intellects. It will reveal to you, for example, how wealth can be so increased and distributed as to do away with poverty, taxation and war. Do you now know any plan by which even one of these evils can be abolished? Do you know now how poverty can be lessened, how taxation can be done away with, how war can be prevented?"

"I do not," I said, positively, "and what's more, I don't believe anyone else does. Poverty, taxation and war

have existed since the beginning of time and you say that they can be abolished? Preposterous!"

"While you continue to think so you'll never learn," said his majesty, quietly, "Yet you have just seen how the application of a natural law has easily solved a toy puzzle impossible of solution otherwise. Men have for centuries tried to ameliorate poverty, taxation and war by legislative regulations which they call laws. Have they succeeded? Isn't their utter failure more apparent to-day than ever before? In view of this fact alone, doesn't wisdom suggest trying to find a natural law and conforming to it?"

"Your logic is unanswerable," I replied. "See you again. Good-bye!"

What the magician said set me to thinking. That evening I spent studying the Law of Rent. Here it is:

"The rent of land is determined by the excess of its produce over that which the same application of labor can secure from the least productive land in use."

After vainly trying to find any relation between it and poverty, taxation and war, I gave it up. "Another puzzle," I thought, and the next day I again ascended the one flight up.

"Rent is the *excess* of wealth which

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may be produced on any given piece of land," elucidated his Highness when I had told him my difficulties. "It is the premium which men will give for certain sites or locations. This excess or premium is now taken by the owner of

the land. It is something he gets for to the community. Now, if the community should take rent it would have an income sufficient to pay all the expenses of government and could abolish taxes. Land would not then be held out of use as it is now. There would be plenty of land for everyone to use. All could produce all the wealth they desired, and the incentive of nations to add to their territorial boundaries, which is the chief cause of war, would be gone."

"Sounds to me like the Single Tax," said I.

"It is," replied the solver of puzzles.

❖❖❖

At the Theaters

At the Shubert-Garrick Theater where D. W. Griffith's spectacle "Intolerance" is being offered twice daily, business still continues brisk, and this masterpiece of the screen is announced for a fourth week at the Chestnut street house commencing with matinee on Sunday. "Intolerance" is aptly described by the title. Four periods of the world's history are shown, and though far apart, yet the intolerants in each period do not change their attitude toward their fellowmen. It is Griffith's idea that by showing to mankind wrongs that never should have existed, the great heart of humanity may be awakened. But the moral of the spectacle is always subservient to the drama. "Intolerance" takes the spectator back to the days of Babylon the Magnificent, when Belshazzar, the very young king, rules. Then there is Judea in the days of the Nazarene. Another period is that of Paris when Catherine de Medici dictated the policies of France to her weakling son, Charles IX. And there is also the story of to-day in an American city.

❖

Coming direct from a fresh triumph in Chicago, after the division of two seasons between New York and Boston, William Hodge will be seen here at the Jefferson theater during the week commencing Sunday night, in Lawrence Whitman's four-act blend of drama, comedy and farce entitled, "Fixing Sister." While offering a fresh characterization of the American business man every whit as attractive as "The Man from Home," in which Mr. Hodge starred for seven consecutive years, "Fixing Sister" is set in a totally different atmosphere, and tells a widely different story, the scene being the drawing-room of Marion Ellsworth, in New York City, in which her Kansas City brother develops his clever strategy of revealing the rascally machinations of an English crook who is relieving sister Marion of her cash through an appeal to her heart, incidentally assuring his own happiness in opening the eyes of Marion's young ward to the schemes of pseudo noblemen. Supporting Mr. Hodge is the same excellent company seen in Boston, New York and Chicago, the cast including Miriam Collins, Jane Wheatley, Ida Vernon, Hamilton Deane, Charles Canfield, George Lund and thirty other players.

❖

Theodore Kosloff—who in Russia ranks with Nijinsky—and his Imperial

Russian ballet, which attracted fourteen capacity audiences to the Columbia at the beginning of the season, will return to that theater next week in a new repertoire of dances. Among the stars in his troupe are Vlasta Maslova, Vera Fredown, Natasha Rambova and Anatole Bourman. The costumes and scenery are from the Imperial theater of Moscow, elaborate and gorgeous. The remainder of the bill is comedy and includes Pat Rooney and Marian Bent in a new version of their news-stand skit; Nellie V. Nichols, known for her song "Will Someone Name My Nationality?" Joseph E. Bernard and Hazel Hartington in "Who is She?" a comedy; Nell O'Connell, a St. Louis girl, with new songs; Mlle. Deria with trained dogs; the Balzer sisters in an aerial novelty; and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

❖

Willy Schoeller and Anna Bernecker will have a joint benefit at the German theater next Sunday evening. In response to a general demand, Mr. Schoeller's original operetta success, "The Waltzing Duke" will be repeated, but in an enlarged and improved version. It has been translated into English by Mr. William W. LaBaume and will be presented this fall under the direction of Mr. Schoeller, but no matter how faithful the translation, it can hardly be as excellent as the original German. Miss Bernecker's voice is of the best of the company and she is universally popular because of her spontaneous gayety. The stars and the opera promise an exceptionally enjoyable evening at the Victoria next Sunday and friends of the German players should not fail to attend.

❖

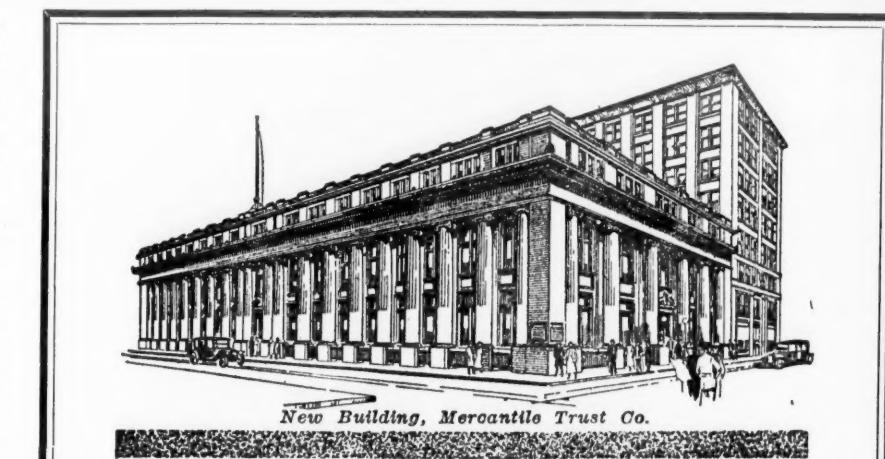
The Players will conclude the six weeks' run of "A Dry Town" next Saturday night, and open Sunday with Selwyn's latest and brightest comedy, "Rolling Stones," with Mitchell Harris in the part that Harrison Ford made famous and Jason Robards in Charles Ruggles' role. This play was one of Broadway's best successes but for some reason was not sent to St. Louis. The Players will stage it as artistically and appropriately as they did the "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "A Dry Town," which means that it will be a first-class production.

❖

"The Smarter Set," a musical comedy company composed entirely of negroes, will appear at the American next week in "How Newton Prepared." The words and music of the play are by Salem Tutt Whitney and J. Homer Tutt, the stars of the company. Those who enjoy negro singing and negro minstrelsy are presented an unusual opportunity next week in this production.

❖

Arthur Conrad and Primrose Semen in a musical comedy called "The Girl Worth While," will head the vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House next week. There are three scenes and the music is very catchy. Other numbers on the programme will be the Seebachs in funny gymnastics; Walters and Walters in a ventriloquial oddity; Cervo, piano-accordionist; Trix Oliver with new Southern songs; and new comedy pictures.



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Symphony and Pageant Choral

Conductor Max Zach of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will give his annual Tschaikowsky concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday night of this week at the Odeon, presenting as his principal number the fifth symphony of the famous Russian composer. This symphony is not nearly so well known as some of the others by the same composer, and its presentation will have something of novelty, despite the fact that it has been played in St. Louis at very infrequent intervals. Symphonically, Tschaikowsky is known best for his sixth (Pathétique) symphony, and after this for the fourth, which never has been given a name, and the great "Manfred" symphony. The fifth in the series, however, is of as much, if not more interest than either of those mentioned, because it reflects a typically Tschaikowsky mood—at first somber and morose and gradually becoming happier and gayer, even to brilliancy at the end. A contemporaneous writer has said of this symphony that the hearer can see the sorrow change to joy and the storm to sunshine as the work progresses.

The dramatic overture-fantasia "Ro-

meo and Juliet," and three movements of the Suite No. 3 are the other works listed. A new feature of the last composition is the third movement—actually the fifth in the regular sequence of the suite—which never has been played in St. Louis. Following is the programme in full:

Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Opus 64
I Andante; Allegro con anima
II Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza
III Valse: Allegro moderato
IV Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace
Suite No. 3, Opus 55—
I Elegie
II Scherzo
III Tema con variazioni

A sensation is promised the patrons of Sunday afternoon's "Pop" concert in the presentation of seventeen-year-old Sascha Jacobinoff, the boy violinist who has been winning so many laurels in the east this season. Jacobinoff is an American, a pupil of the great Carl Flesch, and is heralded as the wonder of this season. His debut was made

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as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and since then he has played with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and in numerous recitals in the principal eastern cities. His repertoire includes all the great concertos for violin as well as many of the other solo works, and his offering at Sunday's concert will be the Tschaikowsky concerto last played here by Fritz Kreisler. He will play it in its entirety with the orchestra.

A delightfully melodious concert with "something in it for everyone" is announced for Sunday. The programme in detail is given below:

1. Overture to "Martha".....Flotow
2. Ballet Music from "Feramors".....Rubinstein
 - (a) Dance of the Bayaderes
 - (b) Candle Dance of the Brides of Cashmere
 - (c) Wedding-Procession
3. Concerto for Violin, in D Major, Op. 35.....Tschaikowsky
 - I Allegro moderato
 - II Canzonetta: Adante
 - III Finale: Allegro vivacissimo
4. Gavotte in Five-Four Time.....Lacombe
5. Two Swedish Folk-Songs.....Svendsen
6. Waltz, "Harlequin's Wedding".....Zach

The St. Louis Pageant Choral Society will close its third season next week with an American concert to be presented Tuesday evening, March 20, at the Odeon, under the direction of Frederick Fischer. A programme of works of American composers will be presented by the full mixed chorus of 200 voices, accompanied by the entire St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, and a quartette of grand opera soloists of international fame will assist the chorus. Three of these artists are of American birth and two of them have had all their musical training on this side of the Atlantic. Their presence in the American concert is, therefore, especially appropriate.

The programme will consist of two numbers, chief of which is the "Hora Novissima," Horatio W. Parker's masterpiece. The second and shorter work is "The Peace Pipe," after the great American epic, "Hiawatha," by Henry W. Longfellow. Frederick Converse, who wrote the music for the masque of St. Louis, is the composer of this work. Both Parker and Converse have been invited to attend the concert and are expected to be present.

CLUBBING LIST

By special arrangements with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to other periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:
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<i>New Republic and Reedy's Mirror</i>5.50
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<i>Scribner's and Reedy's Mirror</i>4.50
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<i>Travel and Reedy's Mirror</i>4.50
<i>Woman's Home Companion and Reedy's Mirror</i>3.50
<i>World's Work and Reedy's Mirror</i>4.50
<i>World's Work, Country Life in America and Reedy's Mirror</i>7.50

The programme is especially interesting because neither of the works listed has been sung in St. Louis. The chorus will hold its final stage rehearsal with the soloists Monday afternoon at the Odeon, when, it is expected, both composers will be present.



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Marts and Money

On the Wall Street Exchange business is of a thoroughly professional and one-sided character. Copper, equipment, oil and steel stocks are popular; they monopolize attention. Railroad stocks are almost completely overlooked. Tips are plentiful, and the cliques unusually active in numerous quarters. There was a tip, lately, to buy American Smelting common, "just for the day, and for a point or two." It really made good; indeed, the stock rose three points. The display of a benevolent disposition is part of the game; it draws the mob. Professionals cannot profitably unload their holdings, secured at the low notches of a month or two ago, unless brokerage offices are filled with eager acquisitive customers. Steel common, the principal leader, shows an advance of four points; the current price is 113, compared with 99 at a recent date. There are hints that the stock will again be worth 125, and that in less than a month. The possibility or probability of war with Germany is not regarded with dismay. "All discounted," declare the oracles, "If there's a break of three or four points, don't hesitate to buy all you can; but let the railroad stocks alone. War always brings a big boom in stock markets. There was a long and extensive rise after the slump that signalized the outbreak of our little unpleasantness with Spain—member? Well, we're going to have a similar experience this year."

This kind of slapdash arguing finds a good many patient and receptive hearers, and quite explains the increasing request for the shares of companies who are expected to gather large profits in the event of a declaration of war. No thought is taken of the fact that the parallel is not complete. Our war with Spain was preceded by several years of more or less severe depression and liquidation. Since January 1, 1915, there has been extraordinary commercial and industrial advancement, and great activity and price improvement in the industrial and mining departments of Stock Exchanges, not alone in New York, but also in other prominent cities. This is a highly important point to con-

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sider at the present conjuncture. Holders of Steel common now receive \$3 every three months. Two years ago they did not receive a cent. Copper companies that could pay only 25 or 50 cents a share, or nothing at all, two years ago, now disburse \$1.50, or \$2, or \$3, or \$3.50, every three months. There's another thing to be drawn into calculation, in this respect—the probability, namely, that the United States Government is not likely to pay such high prices for war material of all kinds as did, and, in part, still do, the Allied governments. The practice of establishing maximum prices is spreading in Europe, and will no doubt be followed in the United States. We have entered a new economic epoch—let's be quite sure about that.

The monthly statement of the Steel Corporation sets a new top record. It disclosed unfilled business aggregating 11,576,697 tons. In pondering the significance of these figures, it should not be forgotten that the freight congestion in the East is interfering with deliveries as well as with production. A large number of blast furnaces has been banked, we are told, on account of lack of fuel. Wall Street is not inclined

to worry to any extent over transportation troubles. It draws encouragement from the statements of railroad officials that the freight situation is gradually improving, in consequence of more efficient methods of operation, the increasing number of new cars and locomotives, and the accelerated movement of ocean traffic. The quotations for finished steel material still are tending upward, but irregularity is noted in some directions, especially in the pig iron market. There are no feelings of uneasiness, however, respecting a possible sharp setback in the next twelve months. Many important foreign contracts for plates, shell steel, rails, wire, cars, locomotives, machinery, trucks, and ships have been placed in recent weeks, and many more are confidently anticipated in the near future. For the first time in American history ships are being constructed for British account. Our shipbuilders will have all the orders they can handle for at least two or three years, according to authoritative information.

In the copper market, prices are kept at or close to previous high levels, though actual business is reported small. The spot quotation varies from 35 to 37 cents a pound. For July delivery, 32.50 is asked. For the third quarter, the quotation is 31.50 to 32. The Allied governments have not yet placed their contracts for the second half of 1917, but are expected to do so before April 1. In this connection, note should be taken of the announcement that the French authorities have ordered all citizens owning one hundred pounds or more of copper to report their holdings at once. This may mean that from now on the French Government will draw largely upon its own domestic supplies of the red metal. The market value of Anaconda stock has risen to 86½, the highest notch so far this year. On November 18, 1916, sales were made at 105½. Since then, the price has been down to 70. There's a lot of "bull" talk about these shares, as a result, partly, of the company's decision to redeem in cash and out of the accumulated surplus the \$16,000,000 5 per cent notes which fell due March 1. The dividend rate is \$8 per annum, but it may be raised to \$10 in less than six months, according to rumors floating about in Stock Exchange parlors.

The upward movement in American Smelting & Refining common is attended by hints at an increase from 6 to 8 per cent in the yearly dividend rate. That the higher percentage could conveniently be established admits of no doubt. The company is sensationaly prosperous, on account of the altitudinous quotations for silver, copper, lead and zinc. Moreover, its finances are sure to be advantaged still further by the reopening of one of its smelters in Mexico; the increase in earnings is estimated at about \$5,000,000 a year. The present price of American Smelting common—107—compares with 93½ on February 3. Last year's high record was 123½. The existing New York quotation for lead is 9 cents a pound. Two years ago it was 4 cents. The substantial enhancement in the commodity's price notwithstanding, the quotation for the common stock of the National Lead Co. still is 58 to 58½. On September 21, 1916, it was 74½. The

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GERMAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION

Statement of the Financial Condition

MARCH 5, 1917

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$12,247,875.60
Bonds and Stocks	3,525,232.34
Banking House and Other Real Estate	254,238.79
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,250,811.85

\$20,278,159.08

LIABILITIES.

Capital	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	418,980.27
Bonds Borrowed	700,000.00
DEPOSITS:	
Individual	\$10,853,980.87
Bank and Bankers	1,185,362.69
Demand Certificates	66,478.16
Time Certificates	3,561,039.02
Savings Deposits	992,318.07
	16,659,178.81
	\$20,278,159.08

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dividend rate is 4 per cent per annum, but it seems reasonable to expect 5 per cent before the end of this year. Holders of the stock bitterly complain of the "rotten" market for it, and wonder what the trouble might be. In 1909, Lead common was selling above 90, though earnings were a good deal smaller at that time than they are at present. It is believed that the Guggenheim people have largely reduced their holdings of these shares.

The "bear" crews derived much satisfaction from the break of \$6 in the quoted value of Lehigh Valley Railroad stock; the low point was 67½, par value being \$50. The quotation was 79½ on January 2, and 87½ on October 5 last. Owners receive 10 per cent per annum, and have received it since 1911. In recent months the company's net earnings have been quite disappointing, and it is within the probabilities, therefore, that the directorial board may find it advisable to cut the dividend rate to 9 or 8 per cent. The Lehigh Valley is the second largest producer of anthracite coal. The quotation for Southern Pacific rallied \$2, that is, from 92 to 94, on the announcement of the decision against the government in the suit impugning the company's legal right to control the Central Pacific.

The New York bank position indi-

cates a considerable weakening. Excess reserves are down to \$142,591,000, against \$202,000,000 on January 20. There's reason for believing that March disbursements may have been partly responsible for the latest shrinkage. The money market remains about unchanged, and the same can be said about the quotations for foreign bills. The latest weekly report of the Bank of England puts the reserve ratio at 14 per cent; this, with but one exception, represents the lowest level since the first week of the war. A few weeks since, the record stood at 13.35 per cent. The Bank of France has been authorized by the government to increase the maximum amount of its notes from the present 18,000,000,000 francs to 21,000,000,000. At the commencement of the war the legal maximum was fixed at 6,300,000,000 francs. The note circulation of the Bank of France is exceeded solely by that of the Bank of Russia, which stands at \$4,372,285,000, against \$3,453,000,000 for the Bank of France. The gold holdings of the two institutions are placed, respectively, at \$992,000,000 and \$1,722,400,000.

♦

Finance in St. Louis.

On the local Bourse, the week's developments were both interesting and encouraging. Brokers did a big business

in United Railways preferred stock, the quotation for which advanced from 19 to 25. The latter figure represents the highest price in a long time, and denotes a gain of 100 per cent when contrasted with the lowest point in 1916. The brisk purchasing was the result, mostly, of the company's favorable report for the year 1916. The improvement in gross earnings was \$960,094, and that in the final surplus, \$621,979, after all deductions, inclusive of taxes and interest charges. The total amount available for the preferred stock outstanding was \$887,505, equal to about 5 per cent. No dividends have been paid in the last few years, and it is not likely that disbursements will be resumed in 1917. The opinion prevails that the mill-tax controversy will soon be adjusted in a way satisfactory to both parties in interest.

The common stock remained neglected, with offerings at 6. The absolute minimum of some months ago was 4. There will probably be an advance of some points also in this instance in the near future. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 62.50, a price indicative of a gain of a point for the week. The turnover amounted to \$9,000. Of St. Louis & Suburban general 5s, \$12,000 were disposed of at 73. Further and still more substantial betterment in the market values of United Railways issues would be hailed with great joy by a large

number of investors and speculators who bought at the high prices of eight or ten years ago. The preferred was as high as 75, the common around 40. The 4 per cent bonds used to be regarded as a good investment at 80.

Considerable activity prevailed also in the market for the shares of banks and trust companies. Boatmen's Bank was especially favored. The current quotation for it is 124. This price implies an advance of a little more than \$20 when compared with the recent low point. The totality of transfers was eighty shares. Ten Jefferson Bank brought 100; eight Mercantile Trust, 359 and 360; ten Mississippi Valley Trust, 295; two shares, 296, and one hundred and five Bank of Commerce, 116 to 117. Further improvement in the prices of certificates of this class appears inevitable.

Industrials were somewhat quiet, but steady in valuations throughout. Thirty-five International Shoe common brought 101; eighty Consolidated Coal, 24 to 24.50; ten Commercial Acid common, 175; \$2,000 American Bakery 6s, 101.25; one hundred and fifty Chicago Railway Equipment, 105; fifteen Hamilton Shoe, 135, and ten St. Louis Cotton Compress, 40. A year ago, the last-named stock could be bought at 32. There were no changes of importance in the quotations for National Candy shares.

♦

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Merchants-Laclede Natl.	285	
Natl. Bank of Commerce	116	116 1/2
Mercantile Trust	358	
Miss. Valley Trust		296 1/2
United Railways com.	6 1/2	7 1/4
do pfd.	22 1/2	
do 4s	62 1/4	
St. L. & Sub. Gen. 5s	74	
Ely & Walker com.	96	97 1/2
Int. Shoe com.	101	102
do pfd.	110 1/4	
Com. Acid com.	176 1/2	
Cent. Coal & Coke com.	57 1/2	60
do pfd.	75 1/2	
Am. Bakery com.	10	
Hamilton-Brown	131	
St. L. Brew. Ass'n 6s	70	
Nat. Candy com.	22 3/4	22 7/8
Chicago Ry. Equipment	106	106 1/2
Wagner Electric	320	330
Miss. R. & Bonne T. 5s	100 1/2	
Rocky Mt. com.	29	32

♦

Answers to Inquiries.

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—(1) Chippewa Bank stock, of St. Louis, will be worth materially more a year hence. It's a promising investment for a long pull. There's none offering at or around the present bid quotation of 250. A higher dividend rate is confidently looked for. (2) If you are not badly in need of cash, you should cling to your Jefferson Bank stock. The 6 per cent dividend rate is regarded as safe, and has been paid for many years. The decline of two or three points in recent months has no specific unfavorable meaning. Years ago the stock was rated at 110. A rally of \$5 or \$6 will undoubtedly be witnessed in due time.

SOREHEAD, Kirkwood, Mo.—Midvale Steel should do decidedly better before long. It is about to be listed on the Stock Exchange. Earnings continue large; they suggest a dividend surplus equal to something like \$20 on each share of stock of the par value of \$50. The 12 per cent dividend (\$6 on each share) may be considered secure for at least a year or eighteen months. There are hints that the company may eventually forge ahead of the Bethlehem Steel Co. The stock sold at 98 1/2 in the last few months of 1915. While that level

may not be reached in the next six months, there should be a recovery to about 75 at least, in the absence of new serious developments of one kind or another. You could hardly err grievously if you decided to add to your holdings at the prevailing quotation of 58.

R. J. F., Huron, S. D.—The common stock of the Montana Power Co. is a speculative investment. At present the quotation is 103, against 95 on February 2, and 68 1/2 a year ago. Last December, it was as high as 114 7/8. There are hints at another increase in the rate of payment, owing to steady growth in earnings and the remarkable mining development in Northern Montana and Idaho. The 1916 surplus available for dividend payments on preferred and common, was \$3,083,547, against \$1,678,342 in 1915. The company furnishes the current for the electrified part (over 400 miles) of the mountain division of the Chicago, M. & St. Paul.

INVESTOR, Muscatine, Ia.—Your 5 per cent dividend on American Woolen common will doubtless come forth a good while longer. The company has record earnings. It reported 15.31 per cent available for common shareholders in 1916, against 6.40 for 1915. As regards improvement in market value, it would seem that a rise to about 65 could reasonably be looked for before the close of this year. It is not unlikely that the dividend rate may be raised to 6 per cent. In such event, the stock should advance to 72. As for the earning capacity of the company after political sanity has been restored in Europe—that's a matter which causes Wall street to indulge in more or less interesting dialectics. In my opinion, it will not permit of 5 per cent dividends.

FINANCIER, Albion, Mich.—(1) Erie Railroad prior lien 4s are not likely to depreciate to any serious extent in the next two years. They might fall to 73, however. The current price is 81, which compared with 87 1/4 on January 16. The sag in the values of all bonds in recent times reflects the unprecedented state of finances in Europe, which incites liquidation of American issues and misgivings among farsighted investors as to the ultimate bearings of huge borrowings for war purposes on the money markets of the whole world. (2) The Chicago & Northwestern debenture 5s, of 1933, now quoted at 103 1/4, are a good investment, and always have been so regarded. It is conceivable, though, that they might depreciate to 100 or 99.

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Hokus—Guzzler says he doesn't believe in bearing other people's burdens.

Pokus—No wonder. Guzzler is generally carrying a pretty good load of his own.—*Lampoon*.

♦♦♦

"You farmers buy a good many gold bricks, eh?" "Yes, and you city fellers buy a good deal of swamp land. I guess things are about even."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

♦♦♦

"Oh, I just love animals; don't you?" gurgled the sweet young thing. "Sure. Let's have a Welsh rabbit," said the accommodating youth.—*Princeton Tiger*.

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A city lad from the densest tenement district was taken to the country by a farmer. A few days later he was called early one freezing cold morning before dawn to harness a mule. The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: "Billy! Billy! What are you doing?" "I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."

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"Mrs. Flubdub says she is going to Palm Beach for a rest." "How inconsistent people are. Just as much gossip going on there as here."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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"Now, my girl, don't rush hastily into marriage. Marriage is a serious matter." "I get you, grandma. It's no joke to go after a divorce and have to spend six months getting a residence in some far-away town."—*Life*.

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"I'm looking for a good man to run our cold-storage plant," said the com-

mission merchant. "You needn't look any more," replied his friend. "Just engage our old janitor."—*Michigan Argus*.

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Yeast—I see a Massachusetts man has a parrot which has a vocabulary of seventy-five words.

Crimsonbeak—I didn't know there were that many swear-words in existence."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

♦♦♦

Her Father—Do you think you can make my daughter happy, sir?

Suitor—Why, I have already, haven't I? I've asked her to marry me.—*Boston Transcript*.

♦♦♦

The town council of a small Scotch community met to inspect a site for a new hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day a member suggested that they should leave their coats there. "Someone can stay behind and watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are a'gangin' oot t'gether, whit need is there for any o' us tae watch th' clothes?"

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